S. G. and E. L. ELBERT

Library of

Wellesley College.

NON MINISTRARI SED MINISTRARE.

Presented by ELLA SMITH ELBERT '88

In Memoriam

No. KATHARINE E. COMAN

THE

NEGRO

EQUALLED BY FEW

EUROPEANS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING;

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY,

Negro Servant to MR. JOHN WHEATLEY, of Boston, in NEW-ENGLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM W. WOODWARD,
N°. 17, CHESNUT STREET.

1801.

THE

NEGRO

EQUALLED BY FEW

EUROPEANS.

AH, this is the inſtant, ſaid I, to impart to us the ſtory of your life. It cannot fail to be an inſtructive leſſon. All joined their intreaties to mine. I conſent, ſaid *Bruno*, as it may, at leaſt, ſerve to amuſe you. It is a tiſſue of follies; but you will not be ſurpriſed, ſince it is the life of a man which I am about to relate.

Birth, riches, honours, pleaſures, love, theſe are the objects of men's felicity! I was not an exception to the rule; they were mine; and you will perceive how fragile their baſe is.

I was born at Marſeilles of a family rendered illuſtrious by a commerce of ſeven hundred years, exerciſed without ſtain; a

nobility leſs ſhining than that of heroes, but ſurely more uſeful, and whoſe title is not ſullied with the tears of humanity.

My mother died in giving me birth; and, as I was the only fruit of their union, my father laviſhed the whole affections of his heart on me. Sufficiently rich, he quitted commerce, and turned all his attention to the care of my education.

Nature gave me a happy figure, the fiery character of my countrymen, their ſwift imagination, and all the ardour of their paſſions. I would not have ſpoken thus of my capacity, did I not think it a homage due to my fellow citizens: know, then, I was altogether a provencal; and that is to ſay much.

At the time of my birth our commerce with the Levant was on the decline. The mean abilities of the conſuls diſtributed in the ſea-ports there, was ſuppoſed to be the cauſe. The chamber of commerce at Marſeilles caſt their eyes on my father, as a perſon capable of repairing the evil. Such an honour interfered with his views, but the love of his country roſe ſuperior to his private wiſhes. He was appointed to the place of conſul at Smyrna. The king confirmed the nomination, and he prepared for his departure.

Being too young to accompany him, my father committed me to the care of a be-

loved friend; and having taken every precaution which he thought would contribute to my happineſs, he embarked for Smyrna.

My education was that of all the young men of my condition and fortune, that is to ſay, my talents were aſſiduouſly cultivated, and my morals neglected. They talked to me of virtue and religion, becauſe they muſt talk of them; but they dwelt on my future riches, on the charms of my figure, and the honours which awaited me.

Thus had I falſe notions of every thing. I took reputation for virtue; enjoyment for happineſs; and glory for my only aim.

At eighteen I was entirely formed, and was the inhabitant of Marſeilles; that is to ſay, I was ſufficiently corrupted. My father was eager to ſee me: and the curioſity of youth and yet more the reſpect paid my father's rank, which I flattered myſelf to partake, met his wiſhes. I was in haſte to proceed to him. I departed, and was ſoon in his arms.

The novelty of every thing which was before my eyes, the honours which were paid me, the firſt impreſſions of filial affection, the pleaſures, the luxury of our modes of life, theſe occupied all my delightful moments; and I paſſed ſix months if not happy at leaſt imagining myſelf to be ſo.

One morning, careleſsly walking without

object or motive, I accidentally entered the place where ſlaves are expoſed to ſale. A beautiful and elegant woman ſtruck my ſight. Her profound grief made an impreſſion on my mind, which I had never before felt. Forgetting her chains, I approached her with all the reſpect that ſuffering beauty can inſpire, and all the ardour of a paſſion which is but juſt enkindled. I entered into converſation with her. She informed me, in bad French, that ſhe was an Hungarian and a Chriſtian; and that her name was W****ki; that ſhe had been unworthily taken away by a merchant whom ſhe ſhewed to me; and that ſhe now expected, in wretchedneſs and ſlavery, the completion of her unhappy deſtiny.

Love embelliſhed, in my eyes, the action which I was about to do, while I thought I liſtened only to the voice of religion and humanity. I accoſted the merchant, and he offered me this ſlave for five hundred ſequins. I gave him ſome money as earneſt, and ran home to bring the remainder of the ſum. I returned, and gave it to the merchant, led away the ſlave, and preſented her to my father.

He had too much penetration not to perceive my motives, were too virtuous to tolerate my irregularities, but too weak to oppoſe himſelf to my pretended happineſs. If this ſlave was of a diſtinguiſhed family, as ſhe herſelf had ſaid, of pure manners, and of the ſame religion, why diſdain ties which

Providence seemed to have formed? Was he not rich enough to be indifferent as to fortune; and ought not my happiness to be superior to all other considerations? It was thus that my good father reasoned. He wrote into Hungary. The intelligence which he received was to the advantage of *Elizabeth;* and she was no longer regarded but as the woman destined to be my wife.

A profound dissimulation, a heart without principles, but assuming all the appearance of virtue, an enormous ambition, all the arts of refined coquetry, these composed the character of *Elizabeth*. Such was the woman from whom I looked for the happiness of my life, and who was formed to be the torment of it.

I will not weary you with the detail of all that my passion employed to gain her love. Tyrannical in her caprices, she had the art to make me pass from uncertainty to despair, and from despair to hope. By turns haughty, gracious, cold, tender, I found myself after all my cares less certain of my fate than on the first day.

I had relied, for the success of my passion, more on my personal accomplishments than on the qualities of the heart, of which I knew not the advantages. The small-pox seized upon me, and in a few days I was at an extremity.

Imagine my father's alarms. Every ef-

fort was made to fave me. Art and paternal cares fucceeded, and I was declared to be out of danger. But what was my condition! My face, formerly engaging, now fcarred and hideous; my hand, which formerly ran with rapidity and grace over the ftrings of the harp, now contracted by this fatal malady; and, my whole perfon horribly meagre! Behold the difguſting form which enclofed a heart that ſtill burnt with love! Alas, I thought I had loſt every thing which can merit the affection of a woman; and the happineſs, which I placed in my perfonal attractions, paſſed away as a ſhade. I muſt now renounce, ſaid I, the hope of being beloved; but the conduct of *Elizabeth* chafed from my mind this terrifying idea.

Inexplicable woman! She laviſhed on me, in my malady, the tendereſt attentions. On my recovery, ſhe fcarce ever quitted me. She appeared no way difguſted with my aſpect, but looked on me with eyes full of tenderneſs. I aſcribed this to her virtue, and thus ſhe became more dear to me.

I had perfectly recovered, when the grand vizier, by order of the ſultan, made a tour through the different cities of his empire, to rectify various abuſes.

Ibrahim was an exalted man, a great miniſter, and the favourite of his maſter. With a dignified perſon, he was good, mag-

nificent, generous ; poſſeſſed all that could engage the attention of women, and merit the eſteem of men. He was no longer in his youth, but the character of his phyſiognomy had rather gained, than loſt, by years. Alas ! he is no more, and I cannot yet refuſe tears to his memory !

He travelled with Aſiatic pomp ; and, every where, attended him the honours due to the ſecond perſon of the empire. At Smyrna, the moſt ſuperb entertainments were prepared for his amuſements, and my father was aſſiduous to exceed all others as well by the delicacy as the ſumptuouſneſs of that which he gave him. Regulated agreeable to the French manner, it could not fail to be delicious to *Ibrahim*, both by the taſte and the novelty of the ſcene. Women do not appear in Turkey at public feſtivals ; my father graced his with all the European women at Smyrna, whoſe riches or beauty could give ſplendour to the entertainment.

Elizabeth was not forgotton : my love embelliſhed her with all that luxury or art could add to her charms ; and my ſelf-love congratulated itſelf, in ſecret, to behold her the queen of her rivals.

Ibrahim, no leſs affable than great, obligingly laying aſide oriental auſterity, mingled in the crowd at the ball ; addreſſing himſelf with politeneſs to the women ; converſed familiarly with the men, ſpoke to *Elizabeth*, (but without particularly diſtin-

guiſhing her from others); and did not withdraw till four in the morning: when he delicately aſſured my father that he placed a price on this entertainment ſuperior to every other with which he had been honoured. I had my ſhare in his attentions: and, the next day, he did not forget me in a magnificent preſent which he ſent to my father.

He remained eight days longer at Smyrna, during which time I did not perceive the ſlighteſt difference in the conduct of *Elizabeth*. Falſe, with immoveable nerve, ſhe preſerved to the laſt the perfidious art which had inſnared me; and never had ſhe careſſed her benefactor, her deliverer, her lover, with ſuch tenderneſs as in the moment in which ſhe was about to abandon him to deſpair!

In the evening preceding the day appointed for *Ibrahim*'s departure, my father and I went to take our leave of him. He received us at his public audience. After the uſual ceremonies, we retired, and I thought I had bade him an eternal adieu.

We returned to my father's houſe. *Elizabeth* was unuſually chearful, and this evening was delicious to my ſoul. I waſted my heart in love; and, drunk with pleaſure and happineſs, I only quitted her to caſt myſelf into the arms of ſleep.

My ſleep breathed the joy and tranquillity

of my mind, and continued long beyond the uſual hour of my riſing. I awoke; I looked at my watch: it was near ten. None of my people had yet entered my chamber. I aroſe and went out, wondering at this negligence. I ſaw conſternation on every viſage. I queſtioned: they anſwered me with ſtutters, but without giving me any information. My firſt apprehenſions reſpected my father; and I flew to his apartment. He ſeemed to expect me. Tears were in his eyes. He preſſed me to his heart, remained ſome minutes without ſpeaking; then he ſaid, my ſon, this hour calls for a little firmneſs of mind: yet, what loſe you? an object unworthy of your cares! A deſpicable woman, undeſerving the honour which you do her! Think no more of her! *Elizabeth* flies you—flies into the arms of *Ibrahim!*

Ah my friends! Ah *Honoria*, *Ferdinand!* You who know what love is—do you conceive my condition? No: how ſhould you judge of the agony of tumultuous paſſion, by the purity of your own joy? Oh, what fearful thoughts ſucceed each other in the mind of a betrayed lover! Nature, honour, duty, reaſon, are loſt in the whirlwind! Man becomes a tiger! he would devour the univerſe; he would devour himſelf!

My father had pity on my feelings. His ardent affection tried every means which he thought could calm my agitation. Love was ſtronger than he; and hope was ſtill

with me. I thought myſelf beloved, and imagined that force only had placed her in the power of my rival.

I wiſhed to be informed of the particulars of this event; and, in deſpight of the proofs of *Elizabeth*'s perfidy, ſuch was my blind attachment, that I ſtill believed her faith unſtained.

My people had found the windows of her chamber open, and a ladder of ſilk attached to the balcony. There was no trace of violence; no cries had been heard, to mark her reſiſtance. It appeared that ſhe had fled with the dreſs in which I had ſo much admired her, on the preceding evening. But, beſide, ſhe had taken nothing of all that my fond heart had laviſhed on her. So little ſuſpicion had any one of her flight, that it would not have been perceived till the uſual hour of her women's attendance in the morning, had not the viſier (who departed at midnight to avoid the heat of the day)diſpatched, when he was at the diſtance of three leagues from Smyrna, an aga with a letter addreſſed to me. It arrived about ſix in the morning. My father received it and read it. He believed it not, till convinced by flying to the apartment of *Elizabeth:* inſtantly he forbad any one to ſpeak to me of it.

Cruel letter! whoſe words were written in blood on my heart: nor have ever been effaced from it! Hear what they were:——

" Young Chriſtian,

Complain not of me; I have done you no wrong. It was for the happineſs of man that the Omnipotent created this amiable ſex, who are ſubjected to our will. We ought to be their protectors, not their tyrants. He has given us ſtrength, courage, and virtue; to them he has given the power of charming us, and the right of chuſing a maſter. If *Elizabeth* has preferred me, you ought not to lament her loſs, nor I applaud myſelf for the acquiſition. Deſtiny has done all; and her choice was written in the book of life before her charms had appeared to our eyes. The univerſe is open before you. For one woman that you loſe, you may find a thouſand. Young, accompliſhed, ſhew yourſelf, you will ſee them at your feet. It is our's to love them: it is theirs to ſeek us. I ſend two thouſand ſequins. It is your property which I render you, and not the price of this ſlave: ſhe is ineſtimable. May the right arm of the ſovereign author of all, the puiſſant Mahomet, ſhed upon you the perfume of his favours! Adieu!

" Ibrahim, Vizier."

The traitor! cried I: his deſpicable gold ſhall ſerve my vengeance! I will follow the villain. I will periſh, or tear my unfortunate lover from his arms. My father, terrified by this raſh idea, oppoſed it with paternal firmneſs. A deep melancholy ſeized

me; a burning fever ſucceeded; and I was at the gates of death. He ſaw himſelf, at length, reduced to the neceſſity of ſacrificing my life, or of yielding to the wildeſt deſign which could enter into the mind of man. He conſulted my phyſician, who declared that my recovery depended abſolutely on his compliance, and beſought him to ſacrifice prudence to his paternal tenderneſs.

My father flattered himſelf that the time which my recovery would require, would ſo long delay my departure, that ſome happy circumſtance might ariſe which would lead to a wiſer reſolution; and formally gave his conſent to my enterprize. But love, jealouſy, revenge, wrought miracles. Before the end of a month, my ſtrength was reſtored; and, a barbarous ſon, as well as a delirious lover—I abandoned a weeping father to purſue an unfaithful miſtreſs.

In order to be leſs liable to ſuſpicion, I aſſumed the Mahometan dreſs and manners; and, during an abode of two years at Smyrna, I had perfectly acquired the Turkiſh language. My unfortunate father, cloſing his eyes on my ingratitude—ſhall I ſay—forgetting his own duty, procured a commodious veſſel for me, and furniſhed me with recommendations, and conſiderable ſums of money; the only means, in his power, of leſſening the danger to which I was expoſing myſelf.

He conjured me to liſten to the voice of

prudence, and to be careful of myself, for his sake. He gave me his benediction; and delivered me to my destiny, with the bitterest tears. Accompanied by two faithful slaves, I embarked with a favourable wind, and was soon far from Smyrna.

It is not from a man devoured by a profound passion that an account of the beauties of nature are to be expected. I saw with indifference, or rather, I saw not at all, the enchanting spectacle of the isles of the Archipelago. These smiling coasts, on which the ancient Grecians erected the temple of voluptuousness; their delicious views, the incense of their enamelled valleys, of their forests of myrtles and roses, the pureness of their unstained skies, moved not my senses! My heart, my soul, my mind, knew only *Elizabeth!*

At length, without my perceiving it, we approached that superb city Constantinople —the eternal monument of the folly of *Constantine!* A Prince whom we have named great, and who was so truly little. A mortal whose weak mind was the cause of a world of misery, and whose tomb is sanctified by religion, while his memory justly claims the disdain of posterity.

When man abandons himself to his passions, continued *Bruno!* they treat him with the most capricious tyranny. While my vessel hastened towards Constantinople I had no wish but to arrive there; every thing that

was to accompliſh my wiſhes appeared eaſy. Behold me at Conſtantinople; and ſee new inquietudes harraſs my ſoul! It was only in finding myſelf ſo near *Elizabeth* that difficulties preſented themſelves to my thoughts.

How was I now to act? The Harams of the Turks are almoſt inacceſſible. The apartment of their women, eternally ſhut up, threatens a ſwift death to the audacious ſtranger who dares to enter within their doors. Yet, I muſt brave this danger or renounce the hopes which had already coſt me ſo much.

I paſſed for a merchant of Aleppo; and, in that character, I gained admittance into the palace of the vizier; but I did not dare to preſent myſelf in his preſence; I feared his obſervations; and only wiſhed to gain the attention of his people, that amongſt them I might find ſome one who would ſuit my purpoſes.

The man whoſe deſigns are criminal thinks only of unjuſt means; and to corrupt ſome of the vizier's ſervants was that which offered itſelf to my mind. I therefore attempted to gain ſome of them by profuſe preſents; but confidence was a delicate affair, and I dared not give it to any of them. The firſt torment of the ſeducer is to miſtruſt thoſe whom he has corrupted.

Among the number of the domeſtics I had diſtinguiſhed a negro, who was yet

young. It was the father of *Otourou*. The frankneſs of his manner, a certain air which his condition could not conceal, and which expreſſed vigour of character, but yet more than all the reſt, the difference of his religion which prevented the Mahomet name from being the object of his veneration, perſuaded me that I had now encountered a man proper to ſecond my enterprize. I thought I did not miſtake his ſentiments with regard to me; I believed that friendſhip inſpired them, and yet was I ſtill ſilent.

One day, he ſaid to me, You fill me with benefactions. How have I deſerved them? Be ſincere: your gifts are the anticipated price of a ſecret which I ſee weighs you down. If I am not worthy of your confidence, why do you pay me as if you had already honoured me with it? If I merit your confidence, why do you withhold from me the power of acquitting myſelf by ſerving you? Chuſe then: take back your preſents if you will be ſilent; ſpeak if you wiſh that I ſhould keep them (1).

This diſcourſe determined me; and he knew all. The deſign, ſaid he, is daring, but the execution is not impoſſible. Are you beloved by *Elizabeth*? The queſtion laid my proud mind in the duſt. What ſhould I ſay to him? Alas! I anſwered, with an embarraſſed air, I have ſometimes thought ſo, but—But I believe, ſaid he, that you are not beloved. The countenance of *Elizabeth* ſpeaks only happineſs. Being no

Muſſulman, I have the ſuperintendance of the vizier's wine cellars. My office requires ſecrecy. You know the Mahometan law. This is ſufficient to ſhew you the confidence which he places in me. To that am I indebted for the privilege of approaching *Elizabeth* ; and I am the only man to whom this privilege is allowed. At preſent, the firſt among her rivals, ſhe poſſeſſes his heart moſt abſolutely ; and, if I do not miſtake the character of love, he is not without an intereſt in her mind. Is not this ſufficient to cure your paſſion ?

Ah ! anſwered I, do you count for nothing the pleaſure of vengeance ? If the buſineſs is to ſlay Ibrahim, ſaid he, you have miſtaken me. I will ſerve you, but not by a crime. Ah ! let him live, cried I. And let me regain *Elizabeth !* That is another affair, ſaid he : I have no objection to take a woman from a man who poſſeſſes two hundred. You have foreſeen the dangers of the undertaking ; you brave them : your love ſhall not want my aſſiſtance. Rely on me : prepare every thing for your flight : and be ready ; in two days, when the minarets ſhall in the evening call the people to the moſque, I will paſs your lodging ; follow me without fear ; but, above all, aſk not a queſtion. I hazard more than you, therefore leave yourſelf to my governance. I aſk only to fly with you and be your friend. I promiſed him eternal friendſhip. I embraced him, and he quitted me.

Without wiſhing it, he had wounded my mind. I could no longer doubt the perfidy of my unworthy miſtreſs. I was on the point of renouncing her for ever, but jealouſy, that odious monſter, ſtepped in between me and my reſolution.

Though I have not been able to excite her love, at leaſt I will enjoy her torments, ſaid I. By tearing her from the object of her wiſhes, I ſhall repay all the evils ſhe has made me ſuffer. I ſhall behold them; and this ſpectacle, while it gluts my vengeance, ſhall cure me of a delirious paſſion. By one ſtroke, I ſhall have puniſhed the perfidious *Elizabeth* and the villain who has ſeduced her from me.

I ran to my veſſel and gave my orders. I placed, in a convenient ſituation, a ſhallop with ten able rowers whom I forbid to leave the ſpot till they ſhould ſee me return; and, to allow them no pretext, I diſtributed proviſions among them in abundance. My deſign was that they ſhould receive us and row with their utmoſt ſpeed to the veſſel. There my people were prepared to cut the cable; to ſet ſail, and hurry to ſea with my prey, long before *Ibrahim* ſhould have diſcovered her abſence.

Relieved from theſe cares, but not from inquietude, I returned to the caravanſera. Nothing that I ever knew moſt horrible approaches the trouble I experienced during the two days which preceded the return of

the negro ; rage, terror, jealouſy, regrets, bitterneſs, love, hatred, vengeance, deſpair ; theſe were the frightful ſenſations which agitated my heart! Sometimes, my father returned to my memory ; I recollected his tenderneſs, his tears, his forſaken old age, his virtues, worthy of a better fate, my weakneſs, my ingratitude : and I ſobbed aloud. I was on the point of quitting all to fly into his arms ; but, ſuddenly, the image of the happy *Ibrahim* at the feet of *Elizabeth*, ſtifled the weak cry of reaſon, and I relapſed into the depth of phrenzy.

The fatal hour arrived ; it ſhall be executed, I cried ; I will ſee her, or death ſhall prevent me. I deſcended to the gate of the ſtreet, and was not long there before I ſaw the negro appear. He paſſed before me in ſilence, without even turning his eye toward me, and I followed him.

The involuntary agitation which muſt be experienced on the eve of ſo imminent a danger, my anxiety, confiding as I did in a man whom I ſcarcely knew, doubled the wearineſs of my way. It was long. We ran through a croud of ſtreets without a ſingle word uttered by either. He preceded me ſome paces ; and no one would have ſuſpected that we had any knowledge of each other.

At length, we arrived in a ſolitary quarter of the city. My guide purſued the courſe of a high wall, in which at regular

diſtances, were ſmall holes with iron bars, made to admit the air and day-light within: they were a little raiſed above the pavement. When we had proceeded about three hundred paces, the negro ſtood ſtill. He examined if no one obſerved us; the the ſtreet was deſerted, and the night extremely dark. Inſtantaneouſly he ſtooped down, opened one of the gratings, glided into the opening, and diſappeared. The ſuddenneſs of my ſurpriſe made me heſitate; but I had gone too far to recede, and I imitated him. When my body had ſlided downward a little way, my feet encountered a ladder, which ſeemed to be prepared for my deſcent. The negro received me in his arms, replaced the grating; then ran to bring a dark lanthorn which he had depoſited in a corner. He took the light out of the lanthorn, and I ſaw that we had deſcended into a vaſt vault. See, ſaid he, one difficult ſtep is taken; may the ſame ſucceſs accompany us to the end!

The delight which was painted on his viſage, and the care which he had taken to render this aſylum ſupportable, during the time that I ſhould be compelled to remain there, left in my mind no doubt reſpecting his fidelity.

Ineſtimable friend, ſaid I, embracing him, what can have induced you to do ſo much for me? Two motives, anſwered he, which can do every thing with a negro: compaſſion and the love of liberty. You have intereſted me in your behalf. I love you; and

ſince I have choſen you as my friend, I ſhall be attached to you till death. It is thus that we think. We ſerve thoſe that are indifferent to us through complaiſance, and our friends through duty. To ſhed tears and again embrace him was my only anſwer. He underſtood me.

He had prepared a bed for my repoſe between two tuns of wine; and I found every ſpecies of convenience, and every ſort of delicacy and luxury which friendſhip could aſſemble together in this place.

Deign, ſaid he, to be contented with your ſituation here; I am yet ignorant of the inſtant in which we may conſummate our deſign: but it will arrive, and it ſhall be my duty to ſeize upon it. Till then, patience. You are here: that is what I have ardently wiſhed. You might remain here whole years undiſcovered; for I have the ſole direction of this place; therefore, be tranquil; as often as I can, I will come and ſee you. You will, undoubtedly, find much wearineſs; but you muſt, by ſome ſacrifice, pay for the pleaſure which you promiſe yourſelf. Adieu! I muſt quit you. This is the hour in which *Ibrahim*, in the midſt of his women, will expect my attendance. For our common intereſt, I would not give him occaſion to ſend for me. If you take my advice you will, in a little time, extinguiſh your light; the Janiſſaries, who patrole the ſtreet during the night, might perceive it; and, ſurpriſed with ſo uncommon a circumſtance, give the

alarm and bring ruin upon you. But time preſſes me.

He bade me farewell, and went out by a gate in the wall, oppoſite to that by which he had entered. I followed him with my ears. I heard him ſucceſſively ſhut many gates; and as, in proportion as he retired, the ſound ſeemed to be further above me, I judged that the viſier's palace muſt be prodigiouſly more elevated than the place in which I was.

When I was alone, I ſat down an inſtant to permit my agitation to ſubſide, and I imagined I was ſurely in a dream. Having ſomewhat recovered myſelf, I thought of extinguiſhing the light; but I wiſhed, firſt, to know what ſort of place I now inhabited.

It was ſuperb and every way worthy of the riches and majeſtic ſtate of its maſter. It was rather a magnificent gallery than a cellar for the mere reception of wines. Walls and pillars of the moſt beautiful marble ſupported an elevated vault, built in a charming ſtyle of architecture and embelliſhed with the moſt exquiſite ſculpture. A delicate and ſhining gravel preſerved a ſalubrious coolneſs in this ſpecies of temple, conſecrated to Bacchus. More than five hundred tons, ranged along the walls, repoſed upon ſtands made of cedar and mahogany. Prodigious hoops of braſs held enchained, in theſe veſſels, the fugitive liquor, whoſe age and name was graven on enamelled labels. At a conſiderable diſtance I found a railing,

whose bars, made of silver, running the whole length of the place and extending to the ceiling, divided the gallery into two parts. It was fastened; and not being able to penetrate further, I endeavoured to throw the rays of my light as much as I could on the objects within the railing. My dazzled eye could scarcely sustain the splendour of the spectacle. Hundreds of crystal vases, ranged in an amphitheatre on steps of ebony, which extended from the floor to the ceiling, darted upon my sight the brilliant reflections of the various coloured liquors which each contained. Such was this enchanted place!

Prudence warned me to abandon a scene whose unexpected sight had given some truce to my griefs. I regained my retreat; and, having taken some light nourishment, I extinguished my light and laid myself on my bed.

The silence which pervaded all around me, the violence with which my mind had been long agitated, and the succeeding hope which my negro friend had raised in my soul, recalled sleep to my eye-lids from which it had fled as if never to return. But I was only permitted to taste tranquillity, and soon was I to pay for the rashness of my conduct by the cruellest alarms.

My sleep was not sufficiently sound to be proof against the slightest noise. At midnight I was awakened by the opening of some

distant gates. I listened. The noise appeared to me to proceed from that part by which the negro went away when he quitted me. I thought at first it was himself; and that he was come to pass some moments with me. The noise becoming more and more distinct, I did not doubt but some one approached the place where I was. At length a gate opened in the vault; but it was not that by which my friend went out. In a moment, the vault was illuminated by a number of torches; and I heard the tumultuous cries of a multitude of men and women. Despair instantly seized my soul.

It was not long before laughter, the sounds of joy, and the wanton language of both sexes convinced me that it was the love of pleasure which conducted these guests to the retired scene. I heard them boast of the address with which they had stolen the keys from *Osmyn* (that was the name of my negro) while they praised him whose cunning had imitated them, promising themselves often to enjoy the fruit of their artifice.

I now saw that my neighbours were the vizier's slaves, who came here to indemnify themselves in secret for the rigorous constraint to which their days were condemned. Till then, my breath was almost suppressed with fear; but danger soon becomes familiar. When I saw that they did not approach nearer me, I took courage; and, gliding softly to the extremity of the tuns which formed my retreat, I endeavoured to distinguish the number of these intruders on my asylum.

I immediately saw that they were in the other part of the gallery, and that the railing separated us. This discovery confirmed my courage, and I flattered myself that I should escape without any further fright.

There appeared about fifteen of them. They had extended a large carpet on the floor, and had covered it with a profusion of provisions of every sort. The liberty which the place gave them having banished the Mahometan etiquette, they delivered themselves to the pleasures of the table, where love presided, and where the liquor of the vizier was not spared.

I leave you to imagine the excesses of these nocturnal orgies, and I return to my own alarms. These had subsided; but a new thought roused them in an instant. I recollected the Janissaries of which *Osmyn* had spoken; and if the light of a single taper had appeared to him to be feared, how dreadful must be my apprehensions from such a number of flambeaux!

This reflection struck me to such a degree, that I was on the point of replacing the ladder, of opening the grate, and of saving myself by flight; and, perhaps, I should have done so if the fear of what I might encounter on opening it, or afterwards in the streets of Constantinople at such an hour, had not subdued that of a danger which a little good fortune might enable me to shun. Beside, the time advanced; another hour

perhaps, and the returning ſun would chaſe away my dangerous neighbours.

To ſay the truth, my friend, it was but juſt that I ſhould ſwallow, as a puniſhment for my guilt, to the very dregs, the bitter poiſon which I had been induſtrious to ſeek.

I expected, with ſome degree of patience, the end of theſe revels which gave delight to every inhabitant of this vault but myſelf. Situated as I was, no part of their diſcourſe could eſcape my obſervation; and, notwithſtanding the anguiſh which I ſometimes felt, I was at others, compelled to ſmile at the follies of their drunken riot. One of the women, who had riſen and who was wantonly dancing on the floor, ſuddenly cried out, *Mahmud*, I would drink ſome wine of Schiras! bring me ſome, ſlave! One of them immediately roſe and carefully examined all the criſtal vaſes. *Mahmud* remained a long time in ſearching for the wine. This woman became impatient; and cried, well, curſed ſlave, haſt thou found it? it becomes thee well to keep ſuch a woman as I am, waiting upon thy dulneſs! Faith, anſwered he, though you were the favourite Sultana I could not be in greater haſte to ſerve you; but I ſee none. It is the wine in thy head that prevents thee, ſaid another woman, who drew near to the railing. Come here, booby. Stay! obſerve: do you ſee thoſe tuns which extend almoſt out of ſight? think you there is no wine of Schiras a-

mong all thoſe? I trembled with apprehenſion. I ſee the tuns excellently well, cried the man, but I ſee ſtill more clearly this railing; of which we have no key. Here, *Zamet*, cried the woman, ſend us your keys. We ſhall find one, perhaps, which will open this gate. She ran herſelf to bring them, and gave them to *Mahmud*.

Now my deſtruction appeared to be inevitable. What could I expect from ſlaves intoxicated with wine, who, in the terror of finding themſelves ſurpriſed, would have probably ſacrificed me to preſerve themſelves from chaſtiſement which they might otherwiſe dread? If I ſhould undertake to defend myſelf, how could I hope to overcome fifteen perſons who, irritated by my reſiſtance, would have ſtill further motives to deſtroy me. It is difficult to imagine a ſituation more critical.

While I made theſe reflections, the fatal keys were tried, and God knows the ardent wiſhes which I offered up for their inutility. They put one into the lock; it turned; the gate rolled upon its hinges! and all the troop ſhouted to ſee the ſucceſs, which to me appeared to be the ſignal of my death. I had ſcarcely ſtrength to withdraw into my retreat, where I was compelled to wait the end of my unhappy fate.

By an almoſt miraculous inſtance of fortune, curioſity did not lead this bacchanalian crew into the vault in which I was.

fire ſpread through my veins. I aroſe with ſtrength and courage. I regained my aſylum, where fatigue and the effects of Tokay plunged me into a profound ſleep.

It continued the whole day, and ſome light and pleaſant dreams embelliſhed this interval of repoſe. I thought that I ſaw myſelf at the feet of *Elizabeth*; and that *Ibrahim*, with his generous hand, crowned our conſtant flame. Deceitful viſions! You are born to conſole, to laugh at, to betray us!

I was forcibly rouſed from this felicity; it was *Osmyn* who called me. His preſence delighted my ſoul, and I embraced him with gratitude. How! So late? ſaid he. Do you ſleep ſtill, and the day nearly finiſhed? Ah! ſaid I, if you knew the cruel night which I have paſſed, you would be leſs aſtoniſhed. Then I recounted to him what had happened, and I ſaw him tremble at the bare recital of my peril: he aſſured himſelf of the diſorder by his eyes. Well, ſaid he, the evil is light, ſince they have not ſeen you. Let us talk of ſomething better. This is the inſtant to try your courage. Is it yet proof againſt all hazard? Yes, I anſwered, with rapture. You may rely on me. Then, added he, in ſome hours *Elizabeth* is in your power, or we ſhall both periſh. Ah! too generous friend, cried I, is it poſſible? Inform me—Never was occaſion more charming, returned he. The ſultan gives an entertainment. He is young. It will laſt the

whole night. It is the cuſtom. The vizier has juſt departed for the ſeraglio. None of the great officers of the empire dares to withdraw, while the grand ſeignior is preſent. Such is the etiquette. The abſence of *Ibrahim* will permit all the ſlaves of his houſe to abandon themſelves to repoſe ; at midnight the palace will be a deſart. I know all the avenues, all the apartments of it. You and I will aſcend to the chamber of *Elizabeth*. Her orders are given : ſhe will then be alone ; her women will be gone to reſt. I will conduct you to her bed ; if fear does not ſtifle her voice, an handkerchief will aſſiſt you. We are ſtrong, we will force her away, and bring her here. We will take our flight by this ſame grating, and the winds and waves ſhall have borne us far from the ſhore, before any one ſhall ſuſpect the deed.

Then, I abandon myſelf to your direction, ſaid I ; fortune, which has hitherto ſerved me ſo well, will not now be faithleſs to me. We ſhall ſucceed : my courage tells me ſo.

He quitted me no more ; and waiting for the time fit for our purpoſe, we ſupped together. During theſe few hours that I paſſed with *Osmyn*, I felt more than ever, the firmneſs of his mind and the goodneſs of his heart. We know not, ſaid he, among other things, in what ſituation we may ſoon be. But whatever happens, do not name the fault which theſe ſlaves have committed this laſt night. Death would be the conſequence

Mahmud alone entered; and with a flambeau in his hand, he began to review the tuns within a few paces of me. He read, in a loud voice, the label fixed to each veſſel; and every name which was not that of Schiras augmented my terrors. I ſaw death advancing ſlowly upon me, and had time to contemplate all its horrors. At length he approached near to my retreat; already I heard the ſound of his reſpiration; already the light of his flambeau would have diſcovered me to his eyes had they not been intently fixed on the veſſels. That which he now looked upon was but the third from me. With a cry of exultation he ſhouted, Victory! Schiras!

Schiras—The ſame Schiras, which had appeared to be the warrant of my death was now the reprieve which reſtored me to life. *Mahmud* pierced the tun; filled a vaſe which he held in his hand; and returned, in triumph, to rejoin his comrades.

My danger was ſtill great, ſince the gate of the partition was yet open; but, in ſuch a ſituation, the leaſt delay has almoſt all the charms of entire ſecurity. You will imagine how long this night appeared to me. I counted the moments, while the hours paſſed but as a dream with theſe enemies with which I was ſurrounded.

Often did I look up to the grating, by which I entered, to watch for the firſt rays of the day. At length, they came in mer-

cy to my ſufferings, while the riotous group certainly yet thought them afar off. Shortly after, the Imans, from the height of their towers, ſummoned the people to prayers. It was a thunder-ſtroke for the ſlaves. They fled without reflection; and, in their confuſion, left open the gate; forgot the remainder of their repaſt: and, while the gates ſhut rapidly in ſucceſſion, hope returned into my ſoul.

What a night! what a ſituation! Ah! if man would calculate what the paſſions coſt him, if he could but behold in a mirror all the evils which are cauſed by every irregular wiſh that he eagerly embraces, and which promiſes him nothing but pleaſure, he would recede with terror from the mere aſpect of the chimerical happineſs which reſults from all that is not virtue.

When I was aſſured that the ſlaves were entirely withdrawn, I aroſe and contemplated the condition in which they had left the vault; and I viewed, with a ſort of gratitude, the vaſes which they had emptied, and whoſe friendly vapours had hid my retreat from their eyes. However, the terror of the laſt five hours had waſted my ſtrength; my courage ſuddenly failed me: my knees bended beneath my weight; and I ſunk upon the floor. With a trembling hand I filled a gilded cup with ſome Hungarian wine which ſtood near me, and emptied it at one draught. Its balſamic heat animated my ſpirits. I repeated the draught. A ſwift and ſubtile

of their imprudence. If we are unfortunate, at leaſt let not our ruin be fatal to any one. I felt as he did; and I made him a promiſe.

In fine, the hour—ſhall I ſay fearful?—yes: for the braveſt man is not exempt from emotion at the aſpect of ſuch danger; it is courage to feel this emotion, and ſubdue it—in fine, the bell ſounded the fearful, the ardently expected hour! Let us embrace, ſaid *Osmyn*. We go—perhaps to death! Come. I trembled.

We mounted ſlowly, with the aid of a light that he had ſtill kept burning, by ſome ſtairs which led to the apartments of the palace. *Osmyn* left all the gates open behind us, that nothing might retard our flight.—When we had traverſed the ſubterraneous places, and we were ready to mount the laſt ſteps, which would introduce us into the palace, he extinguiſhed the taper, and placing me on his right, and taking my hand, let us proceed with firmneſs, ſaid he, in a low voice. Another quarter of an hour, and all is done.

We entered. The carpets which covered the whole of the floor aided the myſtery of our ſteps. The apartments in Turkey being divided only by curtains, we had not to fear the noiſe of doors turning on their hinges, as would have been the inevitable caſe every where elſe. I will not deſcribe the multitude of turnings which we made, nor the

prodigious number of apartments through which we paſſed; perhaps impatience, fear, and the obſcurity of night, rendered them more numerous to me.

We arrived, after ſome time, at the entrance of an anti-chamber. Let us take breath, whiſpered my conductor. We have only this room to paſs, and we are at that of *Elizabeth*. At preſent, follow cloſe upon my ſteps; and beware of treading a hair's breadth aſide! This is now the only danger we have to ſhun; but we ſhall not return by this way. We pauſed a minute; then he ſaid to me: let us proceed, and we entered.

I may ſay, I made but one body with him. My feet replaced his. After a ſtep or two, I thought I heard a loud reſpiration of ſeveral perſons who ſlept. A ſudden apprehenſion made me ſtart involuntarily to one ſide. My feet were embarraſſed with ſomething. I fell: and I felt under my hand the body of a man, who ſeemed, notwithſtanding my fall, to be profoundly aſleep —But ſuddenly a voice, which penetrated my ear like thunder, cried, Who is there? The ſlave who goes the rounds, anſwered *Osmyn*, coldly, and aiding me to ariſe; I have fallen, that's all. The voice ſaid not a word more. We advanced, and were in an inſtant at the entrance of *Elizabeth*'s chamber. We are ſafe, ſaid *Osmyn*, in a low voice. This is the room.

We are in haſte. He raiſes the curtains.

We enter: Ah God! A multitude of flambeaux dazzled my ſight! I ſee a numerous guard ranged in a ſemicircle, whoſe naked ſcymetres gliſten in my eyes! *Ibrahim* at the feet of *Elizabeth*, who, reclining on a ſopha, liſtens to his ſighs! To cry out, traitor, you have betrayed me, to draw my poignard, to raiſe it, to ſtrike it into *Osmyn*'s boſom, to extend him at my feet, was all done with the ſwiftneſs of thought. I was about to ſtrike myſelf; the guards ſtay my fatal arm; an awful ſilence ſucceeds to the terror of the ſcene.

Ibrahim advanced with his ſcymeter in his hand, unqueſtionably to immolate me to his wrath. He looked at me; recollected me; recoiled; then conſidered me ſome moments; and, without addreſſing a ſingle word to me, he whiſpered to an officer of his guards, and afterwards ſaid, with a loud voice: Obey, lead him away.

Fury and deſpair had now waſted the ſtrength which a few minutes of flattering hope had given me. I followed my guards with trembling ſteps; and without the aid of the officer I ſhould not have been able to proceed. They lead me to death. "Alas! I wiſh it. I have loſt every thing!"

I was conducted into an apartment ſuperbly furniſhed. The officer ranged the guards at the entrance, and invited me to place myſelf on a rich ſofa. I obeyed, without a ſenſe of what I did. He placed him-

ſelf beſide me. Yet ſeeing the paleneſs of my countenance, the dejection of my eyes, the tremulation of all my limbs, and fearing that I ſhould faint, he took a liquor in uſe among the Turks, which they name ſherbet, and pouring it, with ſome precious balm, into a cup of porcelaine, he preſented it to me. I gently put it away from me. Recollect, ſaid he, with a kind of goodneſs, that you are my captive, and that you ought to obey me. I took the cup. I ſwallowed the draught. My ſtrength returned; and, with it, the ſentiment of all my evils.

Thou didſt alſo return, Oh, remembrance of my God! Thou, oh God! whom I had ſo cruelly forgotten ſince my infancy. Ah, thou didſt wait till this chimerical felicity which I worſhipped ſhould be diſſipated, as a waſting cloud, to preſent thyſelf to my view!

See then, ſaid I, turning my eyes inward to myſelf, to what have tended all my cares? All my ſacrifices? Since I met with this fatal *Elizabeth*, have I taſted a ſingle inſtant of ſerenity? Her firſt ſight ſeemed to promiſe me happineſs: ſince then, no day has been without vexation; no night without inquietude; no hour without bitterneſs.—Was not this enough? Muſt to ſuch miſery be added the devouring fire of jealouſy and revenge! I have quitted my home, my father, my too unfortunate father! ingrate! I have outraged nature; and have placed my faith in a vile ſlave.

And for what purpoſe? To find death! See then this happineſs: death! and if the God, of whom in my infancy I have heard—if this God exiſts—what have I to ſay in his preſence? Fierce and vindictive as I am; the deſtroyer of the ſentiments of nature; the corrupter of men's faith; in fine, their murderer! and have I a virtue to plead in my defence?

Oh, he exiſts! he abandons me in this extreme hour! The juſt expire, ſurrounded with his bleſſings—All the univerſe muſt fly, even God muſt withdraw his ſuſtaining preſence, when the criminal dies!

May I not pray to him then? Where are the proofs of my ſincerity? It is when all other means forſake me that I would prove my truth by turning to him? Ah, I have too much offended him! But, wretch that I am, do I meaſure his goodneſs inſtead of placing my reliance on it?

I threw myſelf on my knees. I raiſed my arms toward heaven. Oh God, cried I, ſtill have I confidence in thee! Cruſh me not with all thy wrath! If I muſt die, give me courage, and I ſhall be ready. Thou haſt ſeen my crimes. Thou doſt ſee my repentance. Accept it as the only expreſſion of returning purity!

It ſeemed that a balm was ſhed into the wounds of my ſoul. A ſweet joy, till then unknown to me through my life, animated

my heart. In fine, what would I fay to you, my friends! I felt the trueſt happineſs: the happineſs of a virtuous wiſh.

The day ſurpriſed me in the midſt of theſe reflections. All were ſtill ſilent as to my fate. Neither the officer nor the guards had quitted me. They had been the witneſſes of my emotions, and had not interrupted them.

Having recovered from the ſpecies of extacy in which I had been plunged, I perceived their preſence, and I hazarded ſome queſtions. Do not interrogate me, ſaid the officer with gentleneſs. I pity you, but I muſt not anſwer you. Expect every thing from my compaſſion; but reſpect the ſecrets with which I am intruſted.

Then, changing the converſation, he ſaid to me, you are more calm, and I am happy to perceive it. I now can recogniſe the man of courage. He endeavoured to amuſe me too; he would have engaged me to admire the magnificence of the place in which we ſat. I was ſcarcely in a condition to be particularly attentive to the beauties of the apartment, yet I could not forbear to notice its extreme elegance, taſte, and ſplendour.

It was the place in which *Ibrahim*, an accompliſhed man as well as an enlightened ſtateſman, ſometimes relieved himſelf from the cares of government. He had aſſem-

bled every thing which luxurious nature produces ; and we had at once under our eyes, the richeſt treaſures of the earth and ſeas.

This ſaloon was on the ground floor. A vaſt door, made of a ſingle plate of glaſs, diſplayed a garden entirely covered with a lattice of gold. In this delightful grove might be ſeen the rareſt birds ſporting amongſt myrtles and orange trees ; except when hunger called them to their food, or thirſt to baſons of pureſt alabaſter. High fences of roſes and jeſſamine ſurrounded the charming ſpot ; and prevented intruding eyes from penetrating into its receſs ; and the white marble preſented, as a contraſt to the green walls, the elegant forms of chaſed vaſes and antique ſtatues.

Magnificence and wealth, ſaid I, too uſually the objects of men's deſires and cauſes of their crimes, I ſee you here united !— When men torment themſelves to acquire you, let them take my place : they will know you better !

About the middle of the day we were ſerved with refreſhments. In vain did the officer preſs me to partake of them. I turned from the greateſt delicacies again to view the aſpect of death.

Some hours after, a ſlave came to call the officer. The leaſt circumſtance alarms at ſuch moments. I regarded this abſence as the forerunner of my eternal departure. I

collected all my powers; and again, proſtrating myſelf, I poured before my God the tears which flowed from my heart.

The officer re-entered. I aroſe: Follow me, ſaid he; your time is come. I could not now any longer doubt my fate. Ah! what is the reſolution of a guilty heart, when death is about to ſeize upon it! My enfeebled faculties failed me: a cloud extended itſelf over my eyes; my memory, my intelligence, all vaniſhed! In fine, in this ſpecies of annihilation, I trod in the ſteps of my guards, without any conſciouſneſs of my being.

What was there which could recal my ſenſes? it was a ſingle word which, ſwift as the irreſiſtible lightning, ſtruck a ſpark into my ſoul; brought back the remembrance of what I had been; the recollection of what I now was.

It was the voice of a man who called me by the name which I bore at Smyrna. This name had not met my ear ſince the time that my paſſion led me to aſſume another. I opened my eyes. My guards had diſappeared. I was alone with this man. I turned my looks upon him, yet obſcured by the ſhades of death. A long pauſe enſued before my weakened memory informed me where I had ſeen him. Suddenly I recollected his features: it was *Ibrahim*.

Finiſh your vengeance! ſaid I. What wait you? Strike!

This great man folded me in his arms.—I felt his tears pouring down my forehead. My vengeance! ſaid he. Ah! Why am I here? to pity your weakneſſes, not to avenge myſelf of them. Live: be happy, if it be poſſible; and learn how a man may conquer himſelf.

He ſat down, and made me ſit beſide him. His own hand deigned to preſent me a precious cordial. I felt new life ruſh upon me. At preſent, ſaid *Ibrahim*, you owe me your confidence. If my friendſhip has not a right to demand that entire confidence, yet refuſe it not to your deliverer. Tell me, who could inſpire you with this deſign? Ah! cried I, do you not recogniſe love in this attempt? Jealous love! ferocious love! which no obſtacle can withhold: no danger can affright!

I now felt ſome confidence, and recounted to him every thing that had paſſed ſince the fatal night in which *Elizabeth* fled from me. He liſtened with the moſt compaſſionate attention. When I had concluded, he ſaid, did you deſign to ſlay me? Had you purpoſed to ſacrifice me to your jealouſy? Ah! anſwered I, what do you demand? Do not preſs me. You know what love is. You know the crime it can inſpire: Ah, ſave me from ſaying more!

Your frankneſs renders you more worthy of my eſteem, ſaid he. I will ſhew you what that eſteem can do. He called ſome ſlaves. They entered, and he made them a ſign. They went out, and immediately afterwards I ſaw them appear with *Elizabeth*. What do you? ſaid I to the vizier. Oh, in pity remove her from my ſight! One moment—ſaid he with a ſigh. She muſt judge between us. Madam: he continued, addreſſing himſelf to *Elizabeth*, you ſee before you, two men who adore you. He did every thing for you; he ſaved you from chains; he made his father your father; his houſe your aſylum; he has defied death to regain you: theſe are his titles. Mine do not equal theſe. What are poor benefactions compared with ſuch efforts? Conſult your heart. If ambition, if the flattering attractions of one of the moſt exalted ranks of life have done violence to your tenderneſs, it is not too late to correct the error. You are free. I reſerve to myſelf only the honour of building up your fortune. If, on the contrary, your mouth has been the organ of your ſentiments, if I owe the happineſs with which you have filled me only to the ſincerity of your love, ſpeak it with the ſame freedom; and, by the avowal, put an end to the torments of my young friend.

I will make the choice which you require of me, anſwered *Elizabeth*. I eſteem you both; but one alone has my love. It is not without anguiſh that I wound the

happineſs of him whoſe friendſhip alone would be precious to me. You are not deceived, *Ibrahim*. When I followed you, my heart ſpoke neither for you nor *Bruno*. My ambition did all. Nay, you ſhall know me entirely. If I had captivated the heart of the ſultan, you never would have had any empire over my ſoul. But now——pardon me, *Bruno*——But now, *Ibrahim* on the throne, *Ibrahim* in the duſt, would ſtill be the object of my affection. Behold! continued ſhe, ſhewing me her infant in the arms of her woman: though you ſhould blame my love, yet reſpect my duties!

Ah, God! cried I. *Ibrahim* tendered his hand to me. Alas! I was his rival, and this generous man filled me with the tendereſt careſſes and the gentleſt conſolations. I became aſhamed to be ſo little before a man who had given me two ſuch great examples of magnanimity. My pride was rouſed, and I wiſhed to ſhew myſelf worthy of ſuch a friend.

Never did I make any effort with ſuch painful ſtruggles; but in fine, I triumphed over myſelf. Now, ſaid I to *Ibrahim*, I ſhould bluſh to envy you a happineſs which you merit better than I. I even honour the choice of *Elizabeth*.

Elizabeth diſappeared. Generous victory! ſaid *Ibrahim*. You loſe a lover, and I can only offer you the heart of a friend. Ah! cried I, embracing his knees, what

man would not make the purchaſe with his blood? Farewel, exalted *Ibrahim!* Proud of your noble gift, aſhamed to be unworthy of it, I go far from you, to bury the remembrance of crimes into which I have been drawn by an unfortunate paſſion. Baniſh this vain remorſe, ſaid he to me. You have committed no crime.——"No, *Ibrahim?* I abandoned my father."—"In a little time you ſhall be in his arms."—"And the blood of your negro ſlave—it cries for vengeance againſt me." I ſaw *Ibrahim* ſmile. Be ſatisfied, ſaid he. The exceſs of your fury unnerved your hands; ſcarcely have you wounded him. "Ah! what a weight do you remove from my heart? He was a traitor; but I would not have been his executioner."——"You miſtake; your ſuſpicion was unjuſt. He was faithful to you. ——"How!"——"Chance alone deceived you both. A ſlight indiſpoſition poſtponed the ſultan's entertainment. I uſually riſe at three. It was near midnight when I was informed of the ſultan's pleaſure. The time appeared to me too ſhort for repoſe, and I choſe rather to give it to love. I viſited *Elizabeth*, with the guards which attended me to the palace. She did not expect me: but I forbade her to awake her people, and my return was unknown to all except thoſe around us."—Ah! will you yet do me a favour, not unworthy of your other benefactions? Grant me the pardon of that ſlave. I uſe with pride the name of friend which you have given me, and offer an opportunity to exert your clemency. It

is the firſt ſervice which my friendſhip renders you."—" I grant his pardon, but he muſt change his maſter."—" Ah, who is ſo worthy to command him!"—" He who has ſaved his life. Take him. I ſubmit to the laws which your friendſhip impoſes on me: then, obey mine."

Such was *Ibrahim*. What I relate of him does but feebly paint his exalted mind.

He ordered that they ſhould lead the ſlave into this apartment. The trembling *Osmyn* appeared in the midſt of a numerous guard. I ſaw *Ibrahim* inſtantaneouſly aſſume the ſevere and dignified countenance with which he dictated laws to a vaſt empire. He commanded the ſlaves of his houſe to attend. You ſee, *Osmyn*, ſaid he in a ſolemn tone—I could, by his torture, teach you how we can puniſh infidelity; but I have governed you rather by my affections, than by my paſſions. The fault of a ſlave alters not my principles. I pardon him. Learn, by his example, that God will not ſuffer treachery to be concealed; and that you ought to be faithful to a maſter who can puniſh, and knows how to forgive. Withdraw. You, *Osmyn*, remain.

When all were gone, again appearing with that affecting goodneſs which he had laid aſide but for a moment, *Osmyn*, ſaid he, I was but your maſter: you wiſhed for a friend and liberty. I give a friend to you; let him give you liberty.

In vain will you attempt to imagine the joy, the tranſports of poor *Osmyn*. Reſpect could not reſtrain them. He embraced the knees of *Ibrahim*, ſprang on my neck, laughed, wept, ſung, forgot the vizier and the ſlave.

Ah, ſaid he to me, we are brothers! Together have we riſen from death, I ſwear never to quit you.

He has faithfully preſerved his word; and God has recompenſed his tender friendſhip, by reſtoring his ſon to him.

I would have inſtantly departed to my father. My eyes were open to my criminal indifference as to a parent's happineſs, and I became eager to expiate my guilt. But the gratitude which I owed to *Ibrahim* overcame my wiſhes, and made me yield to his unremitting ſolicitations, which intreated my preſence for ſome weeks.

Entertainments, pleaſures, amuſements, ſolicited my attention; and *Ibrahim* ſpared no endeavour to ſubdue a ſorrow which I could not conſtantly diſguiſe. Nothing that merits the regard of a ſtranger was hid from me, and *Ibrahim* granted every thing to my curioſity which his rank could command. Perhaps I penetrated further than any other European into the receſſes of the ſultan's palace; almoſt hid from human eyes. In fine, I became acquainted with all the greateſt and moſt amiable inhabitants of that court;

and I know not if I may not say that, among these, I knew some of the best people on the earth. A people too little known; the object of derision, for ignorance; of compassion, for the friend of the arts; and of admiration, for the wise.

I had written to my father to calm his inquietudes, and frequently received intelligence from him. His kind letters breathed a burning desire to see me; yet he even laid his commands on me not to violate my obligations to *Ibrahim*, by too hastily a departure. These commands accorded but too well with my own inclinations, to be resisted by me. Each day a witness of the virtues of that great man, of his vast genius, of the sultan's esteem for him, and (yet better) of a people's love, which he possessed entirely, the most profound and tenderest respect occupied my mind, and I tremblingly looked at the moment when I must be separated from him.

A letter came to acquaint me that my father was sick, and requested my presence! No longer did I hesitate; for nature silenced friendship. I ran to *Ibrahim*; and imparted to him the intelligence which doubly wounded my heart. He felt it too; yet he said, Go where duty calls you; but never forget a man who loves you. If it depended on me, you should be happier. You have virtues: cherish them, and you shall have more. Temper your ardent mind, or that will tarnish all. Be not eternally seek-

ing after happineſs ; but endeavour to deſerve it. Serve your God, love your ſovereign* ; be uſeful to men, ſhun idleneſs, fear your heart more than public opinion, and you ſhall be happy. Theſe are the laſt counſels of a friend whom you will never ſee again.

Never ! cried I : yes, I will again ſee you. Virtue in the midſt of a palace is a ſublime object. Who can refrain from returning to it ? No, my friend, ſaid *Ibrahim :* I love you too well to require it. Religion and cuſtom ſeparate us. You cannot diſcharge any truſt in this empire, and I would not that my friend ſhould be uſeleſs on the earth. But though I ſhould myſelf haſten your return, alas, it would be perhaps but a vain care ! You know not what is the condition of a vizier. To day, he diſpenſes life and death. To morrow, death lays him in oblivion. In our fate, for the inſtruction of ambition, the Omnipotent points to the fragility of human grandeur.

Ah ! cried I, dare you foreſee——I expect it with tranquillity, anſwered *Ibrahim.* To be a vizier is to be familiar with the idea of death. But farewell ! I have prepared for the ſeparation ; I already knew of your father's ſickneſs, when you came to communicate it to me. Go : my orders are given ; and your veſſel is ready. I have proportioned to your delicacy, and not to my power,

* I ſhould have added, while he is juſt. T.

the trifles which it contains. Speak not of them: that would be to offend me.

He yet embraced me, when one of the chief officers of the empire was announced to him; and *Ibrahim*, maſter of his ſoul, inſtantly re-aſſumed the majeſty of his rank. I withdrew, full of admiration, ſorrow, and regret.

My poor *Osmyn* waited for me, and we proceeded for the veſſel. The friendſhip of *Osmyn* uſed every reſource which his fertile mind could imagine, to withdraw me from my ſorrows. Alas! happy even under my misfortune, I quitted a friend—a friend replaced him. Pride may ſmile—the one a vizier, the other a ſlave! No matter: ſenſibility has nothing to do with the diſtinction.

The generous *Ibrahim* had called his gifts trifling. They were immenſe. The cargo of my veſſel was worth an hundred thouſand crowns.

The firſt days of our voyage were fortunate, and I flattered myſelf to be in a few days at the feet of my father. My notions of happineſs were now changed. The paſt had taught me the little value of a fine figure, and of the blandiſhments of love. Ah! that chimera fled, but to give way to another! The advice of *Ibrahim*, my father's power, my own genius, which adverſity and the commerce of a great man had deve-

loped, turned my attention to an object which seemed more worthy of my wishes. Ambition and glory presented themselves in all their charms before my eyes. My wealth, I said to myself, and my father's influence clears my way to the noblest career. This, this is the true point of happiness. Covered with glory! surrounded with honours! what shall be wanting to my felicity?

Already we perceived the coast to which we steered; and the same wind, in a few hours, would bring us to the port. Vain hope! The wind changed, and we were obliged to tack during the whole day. In the night the wind increased to a hurricane; and, the neighbourhood of the coast becoming dangerous, the captain stretched to sea. The following morning it became a decided tempest, which continued to rage for many days with unbating fury; and we were driven, spight of our endeavours, into the Mediterranean.

At length the heavens cleared; but the wind abated a little. We perceived a coast before us, and it was recognized to be the entrance of Marseilles. It was then evening, and the captain was of opinion that we ought to wait for the next morning, to gain the port, the neighbouring rocks rendering the entrance difficult, and he fearing not to be able to pass it before the arrival of night: but the whole crew, wearied with the fatigues of so long a storm, urged him to pro-

ceed with such obstinacy that he had the weakness to yield to their desires.

At seven in the evening, we were along side of the rock which we were compelled to pass very near. The sea broke on it with violence; the sun was set; and the obscurity of the night became profound. In fine, we struck upon the rock. The stroke was horrible; and, in an instant, the water penetrated as a torrent into the hold. In the terrible confusion, each thought only of saving his own life; and now it was that I saw all the coolness, the courage, the friendship of my worthy *Osmyn*. Be collected, said he to me, and I answer for your life.

The agitation of the sea would not have admitted of any assistance from the port; nor had we, in the fright with which each was seized, even thought of firing a gun, as a signal of distress. The bowsprit of our vessel had run upon the land; and by that, most of the crew endeavoured to save themselves. But amidst the darkness of the night, amidst the efforts of a multitude for their individual safety they destroyed each other, and the greater part fell into the sea, or were crushed by the vessel against the rocks; where they were swallowed by the fury of the waves.

Osmyn seized a rope, attached it strongly to the cordage of the mizen mast, descended, sprang into the sea, and swam to the shore, with the rope in his hand; fastened

it to the rock, and, when he was assured of its firmness, embraced it with his hands and feet, and thus climbing, with great difficulty regained the vessel. He now shewed me in what manner I should lay hold of the rope, and placing himself behind me, to moderate the rapidity of my motion in gliding down it, in this manner we reached the rocks in safety. His unshaken recollection had not even forgotten my less inferior interests. He had contrived to convey with him a small casket. This said he, is all that I could save for you; but, at least, it will serve your present wants. A thousand sequins, and my papers, was the whole that was left of the bounty of *Ibrahim*.

Shortly after, the vessel broke up into a thousand pieces, with a hideous noise, and the sea was covered with its remains.

The small garrison of the castle of If, hearing the cries of the crew, came to receive us with humanity; but, as we came from the Levant, we were compelled notwithstanding our condition, to undergo all the fatigues of a quarantine. The captain and ten men had escaped the shipwreck; but in what a condition! almost naked, without money and without friends. It was undoubtedly, my first duty to soften their misfortune, but to my shame must I own, I thought only of my own loss, and my cruel reverse of fortune. The soul of *Osmyn* was greater than mine. He had in his girdle an hundred louis, which he had

ſaved in the ſervice of the vizier. They were his all. He diſtributed the whole amongſt his unfortunate fellow-ſufferers. I knew it not till ſome days after, when reflection had opened my eyes to the miſeries which I imagined they muſt ſuffer. What a difference! They would have languiſhed in want waiting for my aſſiſtance; and *Osmyn* had not given them time to know what this want was. I have wiſhed an hundred times to return this ſum to *Osmyn*: but he has as often refuſed me; and theſe are the only refuſals which I have ever met with from him. Ah, this is beneficence without a ſtain.

During my quarantine, I wrote to M. *de R*——, my father's correſpondent at Marſeilles; and he tendered me all the ſervices which politeneſs and humanity could ſuggeſt. He had ſeen me in my childhood; he had a friendſhip for me; and I expected, with impatience, the inſtant in which I ſhould viſit him. I had now recovered from the firſt vexation of my loſs. The fortune of my father was ſufficiently great ſtill to flatter my hopes, and my ſhip-wreck had made no change in the new idea I had conceived of happineſs.

As ſoon as I was permitted to enter Marſeilles, I went to the houſe of M. *de R*——, he received me with goodneſs; and introduced me to his wife and children. They united in preſſing me to reſide with them. I enquired if he had heard lately from my

father. He anſwered, Yes; and immediately changed the converſation. I was ſurpriſed, but forbore to make enquiries. All the family ſeemed to exert themſelves to amuſe me during dinner; yet I fancied I perceived a certain air of conſtraint, for which I knew not how to account. It did not ariſe from ceremony; for I ſaw their heart entered into their civilities. What was it then? Alas, I learned but too ſoon!

After we had dined, M. *de R*—— took my hand and conducted me into his library, He made me ſit beſide him. Your adventures, ſaid he, and the manner in which you have ſupported your laſt misfortune, aſſure me of the firmneſs of your mind. Alarmed by this preface, I preſſed him to proceed. It is painful to me, ſaid he, to be obliged to inform you of a new affliction, the firſt time I have the pleaſure of being your hoſt; but I muſt not conceal it: you no longer have a father.

Ah, what grief ruſhed upon my ſoul! Reflection; reflection tormented me. My departure, my abſence from him, I ſaid to myſelf, have preſſed him to the grave. My ſituation became alarming. It was not a bitter malady; but a dark melancholy, a languor which reſiſted all remedies.

Nothing could exceed the tender cares of my hoſts; but my poor *Osmyn* was not willing that any one but himſelf ſhould watch over me.

However, in ſome months my youth had nearly conquered my diſorder. Every means which my friends could employ were brought to the aid of nature; and theſe were finally ſucceſsful. I began to think of returning to Smyrna, to take poſſeſſion of my father's property; and I named my deſign to M. *de R*——. Think not of Smyrna, ſaid he, you are young, and have talents. Theſe are nearly all your wealth. A ſedition, which happened at Smyrna, haſtened your father's death. The populace entered his houſe, and all was pillaged and deſtroyed. His papers being loſt, you will expect to recover little of the property which he had in other hands. I was about to remit him eighty thouſand francs, I have them yet, and they are yours. By adding them to your thouſand ſequins you will have nearly thirty-ſix thouſand livres; they will be ſufficient with conduct.

I received this intimation with more indifference than I ſhould have expected.—We become inſenſible to misfortune, as to proſperity. Happy is it for man—the ſwifter the ſucceſſion of evils, the leſs he feels them.

I aſked M. *de R*——'s advice as to the meaſures I ought to purſue. Proceed to Paris, ſaid he, and ſolicit your father's place, no one is yet named to it. I have friends there, and will give you letters of recommendation. I will myſelf anſwer that you ſhall have the ſuffrages of Marſeilles.

I could not reſiſt a plan which was ſo agreeable to the deſigns that I had formed. Loaden with M. *de R*——'s goodneſs, I departed for Paris. I ſaw the miniſter, and preſented a memorial to him, ſuſtained by thoſe of my friends. He gave me hopes during ſix months; and I ſaw myſelf very politely refuſed, after I had waſted a conſiderable part of my moderate finances.

Happineſs then is not to be found in ambition! ſaid I. It has deceived me, as well as love. But where ſhall I go to ſeek her?

You will ſoon ſee all my leſſons had not yet made me wiſe. I had ſcarcely twenty-ſix thouſand livres remaining, but I flattered myſelf I ſhould yet recover a conſiderable indemnity from Conſtantinople, for the loſs of my father's fortune, through the channel of the French ambaſſador. I wrote to *Ibrahim*, and informed him of all my misfortunes; and this generous man was in the act of ſending me ſuccours that aſſuredly would have exceeded all my wants when—as if my fatal deſtiny extended to every ſource which could aid me—he paid with his life for the dangerous honours which he had poſſeſſed with glory.

I now looked around me. My abode at Paris, and the poſt which I had ſolicited, had procured me ſome acquaintance. Paris is, perhaps, of all great cities, that in which we ought to be moſt on our guard againſt connections, and where it is moſt difficult

to chooſe them with propriety. Diſtinctions diſappear there. The love of pleaſure levels all. Each Aurora beholds a new ſucceſſion of delights, and the flowers of this day chaſe away the remembrance of the roſes which perfumed the preceding evening. This is happineſs, ſaid I, to myſelf. Here they ſleep in the boſom of pleaſure, and the new raptures awaken them. I will imitate them. Alas! I did not perceive the maſk which man too often wears. The life of a reſtleſs warrior is not more painful than that of the diſſipated youths of Paris. Repulſing the avidious creditor, cringing to the hard uſurer, inceſſantly tracing plans of reſource, combating inquietude, braving reproaches, for what?——one minute's enjoyment, for pride; a ſecond, for pleaſure, (half of which is claimed by laſſitude); and years of remorſe.

Of all my dreams, this was of the ſhorteſt duration. One cannot go far with twenty-ſix thouſand livres. The meteor of an inſtant, ſoon was I extinguiſhed like many others, in the abyſs of oblivion: while, the playful, careſſing inſects, which my blaze had aſſembled around me, diſappeared as the breath of a zephyr.

Of all the hearts which had ſworn eternal friendſhip to me, there remained none but *Osmyn*. With more foreſight than I, whilſt lying pleaſures diſſipated my ſmall fortune, he had been aſſiduous in learning an uſeful art. Poverty warned me of a ſeparation which my folly had rendered neceſſary, and

which friendſhip preſented to my mind as terrifying. I had no debts: an uncommon thing with ruined petits-maitres. But twenty-five louis d'ors were my whole property, and it was neceſſary I ſhould now take to ſome employment. Painful as it was, I found myſelf compelled to open my deſigns to *Osmyn;* and to announce to him the agony under which my ſoul groaned. He ſmiled: We muſt ſeparate, ſaid he; and why? Becauſe I am poor; I anſwered.—That is preciſely the reaſon why I ought to remain with you, ſaid he. If you were rich, you would have no need of me.—"Ah, but how ſhall I ſupport you, *Osmyn?*"—"Fear not: my labour will be more than ſufficient for us both."——"How! Do you wiſh that I ſhould abuſe"——?

Ah! ſaid *Osmyn*, with vivacity, what is it that I ſhall give you? That which even a ſtranger ought not to refuſe. And what do you not give me, by receiving? Have you ſo elevated a ſoul, and do you not conceive ——Ah, I am much more happy than you, ſince I never ſhall have received more generous benefactions from you!—What! would you ſay? I cried. What! The fruit of your labour! Never!——

Hold, replied *Osmyn*, firmly, I begin to be acquainted with European manners. Be ſincere: do I deceive myſelf? Your heart yields, but your pride kindles: you would accept aſſiſtance from an equal; you do not think me yours.——

"Ah, the ſuſpicion offends me! but"—"But prejudice ſpeaks. How ſtrange!—You Europeans expend, without bluſhing, the money which the poor man carries to your treaſure, moiſtened with his blood.—But ſhould it be offered as a gift of his love, you fire at the affront. How abſurd! *Bruno*, hear a truth: it is the man of nature who tells it you. You were not aſhamed of my ſervices at the vizier's. Know you why? it was, becauſe I ſerved your paſſions. Now my ſervices offend you; and why? Becauſe they inform you that all men are equal. Ah, deſpiſe theſe baubles of the mind, theſe childiſh diſtinctions! Be a man, and permit me to be one alſo!"

Alas! I cried, throwing myſelf into his arms, I would be as great as you. I accept all: it is the only means I have to equal you.

Ah, my dear *Otourou*, you weep at the recital of your father's greatneſs. Heaven has reſerved him to be at once the model and the recompenſe of your own virtues! but it is time, my friends, to finiſh a ſtory which your love for me alone renders intereſting; and I haſten to conclude.

While I was yet diſſipating my money, I had been preſented to a widow who had no children. She was about five and forty, and was in the poſſeſſion of a handſome fortune. With wit, gaiety and affability, ſhe drew to her houſe an amiable, choſen ſociety, of which ſhe was the life and charm. I had

ſeen her with that ſort of intereſt which every man feels in the preſence of ſuch a woman; but nothing farther; and, as ſoon as I awoke to my misfortune, I ceaſed to viſit her. One day, as I left my apartment, one of her ſervants gave me a card from her, merely requeſting to ſee me. It ſurpriſed me that ſhe ſhould have diſcovered my new habitation, which I had choſen as ſuiting the ſituation of my affairs, and which I (not having named it to any of my acquaintance) believed to be perfectly unknown. I returned a note, in anſwer, ſaying, that I was ſenſible of the honour which ſhe did me; but that reaſons, which I forbore to name, would not permit me to accept of it.

I thought I ſhould hear no more of the matter; but I deceived myſelf. The next day, a ſervant brought me a new billet; ſhort, but unequivocal. I know, ſaid ſhe, in the card, every thing which has happened to you. If theſe are your reaſons for avoiding my houſe, they are frivolous, and you do not know me. Come to me, to-morrow, at five in the evening. I requeſt it. My Swiſs has my orders, and my gate ſhall be open only to you.

I no longer did any thing without conſulting *Osmyn;* this deference was due to him, and I ſhewed him the billet. Go, ſaid he. What riſk you? Few as theſe words are, they announce good nature and delicacy: you need not diſtruſt thoſe who wiſh to ſee the unfortunate. I returned,

then, for anſwer, that I would obey her commands.

The day came. I had yet ſome wrecks of my former elegant dreſſes, and I deſigned to uſe the beſt of them. No decorations, ſaid *Osmyn*, to me. Dreſs yourſelf ſimply, and decently. There is ſome greatneſs in appearing, ſuch as we are. I felt he was right, and yielded to his reaſoning.

The lady received me with that frankneſs which is the reſult of true virtue. Unreſtrained by the preſence of ſociety, ſhe developed one of thoſe hearts (which are rare, it is true, but which yet are to be found) that do not revolt at the ſight of misfortune. She deſired my confidence. Yet, it was neither by a command nor a prayer; it was by that art which we know not how to define; that inviſible aſcendency which a dignified ſoul takes, without miſtruſting itſelf, over the ſuffering mind that approaches it. I had no reſerves with her. I recounted all my life: all my faults. I thank you, ſaid ſhe, for your confidence. I do not think myſelf unworthy of it. Perhaps I ſhall have, on my part, a ſecret to confide with you; but it requires explication. Tomorrow, I go to the country. I will inform you of my return, which will not be in leſs than fifteen days. In the mean time here are an hundred louis d'ors.

As ſhe ſaw a refuſal in my firſt geſture ſhe ſaid, be not alarmed; this is not a gift;

I reſpect you too much to offer one. It is a reſtitution which I am charged to make you. A reſtitution! ſaid I. I do not recollect.——It may eaſily have eſcaped your memory, anſwered ſhe ſmiling: you have not, I believe, always been accuſtomed to reckon accurately with yourſelf. But, continued ſhe, with a ſerious air, I requeſt you to free me from the burden of this depoſit. I felt that obſtinacy would have juſtly offended her; and having aſſured her that I ſhould expect her commands with impatience, I bowed, and retired.

I returned to *Osmyn*; and informed him of what had paſſed. I was in haſte to put the hundred louis into his hands, the poſſeſſion of which was agreeable to me only as it regarded him. If this money is a reſtitution, ſaid he, you may certainly diſpoſe of it; but it may poſſibly be a mere benefaction, and I am inclined to believe ſo. The mode of conveying it was delicate and ingenious; however, do not touch it till you know its real ſource. If it does ſpring from liberality, there are people more unfortunate than we; and this ſum diſtributed among many, by the generous giver, might ſave them from deſpair: while, to us, it would only add ſuperfluity.

About the time the lady had named, I received an invitation, and waited upon her. She treated me with yet more friendſhip than before. We dined together alone. I ſtill owe you the price of your confidence,

ſaid ſhe, and I will pay my debt by the ſecret which I promiſed you. I have been a widow theſe fifteen years. My inclination had nothing to do with my marriage. My huſband was a man of birth, but of reduced circumſtances. Yet though he owed all his fortune to me, I was not happy with him. Since my widowhood, every thing has conſpired to my felicity; you have been witneſs of the reſpect with which I am treated by the world. My ſociety is ſmall; it is compoſed of friends to whom I am dear; but I have no children, nor any relations, but what are at a diſtance, and unknown to me.

She was ſilent a moment, then proceeded: There are attachments which need not be explained to delicate minds, and which others do not underſtand. I would ſay, in ſhort, that I wiſh to marry; I wiſh for a friend. I wiſh to inſure happineſs to the man, who conſtitutes mine; I wiſh him to have birth, to preſerve me in the public eſteem; I would have him young, that he may ſurvive me; above all, I would that he ſhould have ſuffered much, that the happineſs I ſhall ſee him enjoy, may be my recompenſe for the good which I pretend to do him. I would not have him talk of love: oaths are not for old women. Theſe are the qualities which I ſhould require in my companion. It may be difficult to meet with them, yet I know a man who unites them all. To him do I wiſh to give my hand; and this man is yourſelf.

It will be eaſy to conceive my ſurpriſe, at a diſcourſe which I ſo little expected. I ſtood ſome time, vainly ſeeking for expreſſions. At length, tenderneſs, friendſhip, gratitude, threw me at her feet. I could not ſpeak: but ſhe received my tears, my looks, for an anſwer.

She raiſed me with goodneſs, and made me ſit beſide her. You accept then, ſaid ſhe, the burden I would impoſe on you. Ah! it is too much, I cried. How ſhall I be worthy of it? By a due uſe, ſaid ſhe, of the leſſons which providence has given you.

But you will not imagine, ſaid I, to her, that there is one to whom I ought to communicate the goodneſs with which you overwhelm me. Yet, gratitude, the moſt tender friendſhip, make this my firſt duty. Then, I recounted to her all that *Osmyn* had done for me, from the time that I was in diſtreſs. Your delicate and juſt feeling, ſhe replied, advance you in my eſteem. She inſtantly rang a bell, and ordered one of her people to go for *Osmyn*. When he arrived, ſhe inſiſted on his ſitting beſide us, and repeated to him all that ſhe had ſaid to me. Your friend, ſaid ſhe, to *Osmyn*, will do nothing without conſulting you. It is juſt: your beneficence is rare, and worthy of eſteem. You have acquired the rights of a father: pronounce then. Madam, he anſwered with modeſty, this is to pay me a great price for having diſcharged an obligation which nature impoſed. She gives to each of us our

part; mine at preſent is, to applaud with delight and reſpect the happineſs which you have prepared for my friend.

How noble! cried Madame *de B—*. What a leſſon for the little pride of human nature! how often do we regard, with diſdain, objects which we ought to conſider on our knees!

Osmyn wiſhed to withdraw. She would not ſuffer it; and ſhe deſired me in his preſence to fix the day for our marriage. I repreſented to her that, for my own ſatisfaction, I wiſhed to have my papers and other documents from Marſeilles; to prove that I had not impoſed on her. Pardon me, ſaid ſhe, I have written to M. *de R—*, whom you named to me. I have already received his anſwer, and the details which I requeſted. Well, ſaid *Osmyn* to me, was I deceived as to the reſtitution? How is that? ſaid Madame *de B——*, I related our converſation to her. It was truly a reſtitution, ſhe replied. And from whom? I ſaid. "Fortune: has ſhe not ſufficiently robbed you?" I kiſſed her hand.

In fine, every thing was agreed on which related to the marriage; and I retired, with *Osmyn*, full of ſatisfaction, and penetrated with the felicity which an unforeſeen adventure promiſed me.

I ſaw Madame *de B——* daily; and learned to eſteem her, more and more. Her vi-

tues, at each instant, inflamed my friendship, and my admiration. On the first of January we signed our marriage contract, in which she secured to me, after her death, ten thousand livres annual rent. The day of our marriage approached; and I abandoned myself to the most delightful reflections. The 7th of January was the appointed day. On the fifth, I waited upon her early in the morning (it was about nine); and was surprised to see her chariot at the door. Is it you? said Madame *de B*——, sit down and take some chocolate with me. I am going to my notary. I fear a little ambiguity in one of the articles of our marriage contract. I must have it cleared up. The weather is severe, permit me to go, said I. No: she replied. These people have not the nicest feelings, and he may mistake your motive. It is better that I explain my doubt to him myself. I shall scarcely be gone more than two hours. You dine with me? I promise myself that pleasure, said I. Ceremonious! said Madame *de B*——, smiling. Not so; returned I. It is absolutely that which you merit, and which it shall be my glory to render you: the tendereſt respect. An indescribable smile was her answer. She took her chocolate, and I handed her into her carriage.

It was about noon when she returned. It is cruelly cold, said she; I am frozen. But you have been wearied I fear; and, after all, this difficulty which alarmed me, was imaginary. I remarked that she was hoarse I have caught a little cold, said she. The

Notary's ſtudy was uncommonly warm. When I quitted him I went to maſs: and I felt the damp and cold ſtrike me. But it is a trifle.

I paſſed the remainder of the day with her, and ſhe converſed with her uſual chearfulneſs. In the evening her hoarſeneſs was conſiderably augmented; and ſhe complained of a ſlight head-ach. She was already become ſo dear to me, that the leaſt indiſpoſition alarmed me; and I withdrew early, preſſing her to retire to reſt. The next morning, ſhe was in a high fever, and a phyſician was called, who pronounced her to be in great danger. On the following day, the phyſician informed me that he had no hope, and that he thought it his duty to inform her of her ſituation. My reſolution inſtantly failed me; and I quitted the chamber unable to bear the ſcene. She has received the intimation, ſaid the phyſician as he left me, with reſignation; and if the fever returns in the evening, with its uſual violence, ſhe is a loſt woman. My heart was torn by every word. This was the day which had been fixed for our union! Yet, I laboured to ſuppreſs my feelings, and returned to her bed. She took my hand, and preſſing it gently, my friend, ſaid ſhe, with a feeble voice, I have given you much trouble. I know you have ſcarce left me for a moment. You ſhall go and take ſome repoſe. In the evening, you may return again; that will oblige me. Go: you will give me pain if you remain longer without reſt.

I could not contend the matter with her, for I could not ſpeak ; and I went to my apartments to give my tears, to give my anguiſh to *Osmyn*.

I returned in the evening to Madame *de B*——'s houſe ; and was informed, that, during the day, the notary had been with her. I entered her chamber. She was now without fever, and I felt ſome rays of hope till about midnight. Then, the fever returned with violence, and a delirium ſoon followed. This night was terrible to me. I had experienced bitter diſappointments, heavy misfortunes, but this ſeemed the moſt cruel inſtant of my life. It was not the loſs of an ample fortune which I lamented, it was not the peaceable and happy days which ſeemed within my reach that I regretted ; it was the loſs of a virtuous woman, of an amiable friend, who had fought me in misfortune, and when almoſt all the world had forſaken me.

I went out of the apartment, to give a free courſe to my tears. The whole houſe was plunged in the trueſt ſorrow ; for, ſhe was beloved by all who ſurrounded her. Some hours after, the fever had ceaſed, and ſhe aſked for me. I approached her bed. She made a ſign to her attendants, and they withdrew. When ſhe perceived that we were alone, ſhe ſaid—our ſeparation is the only thing which diſturbs my laſt moments. Your tender cares during my illneſs, have proved the value of my choice. But we muſt ſub-

mit to the will of God. My fortune would have been yours. Alas! I now fear you will profit little by it. I have named you in my will, but you muſt not flatter yourſelf that you will ſee it reſpected. My heirs, whom neither you nor I know, will probably diſpute with you the poor marks of my regard. Take the little caſket which you ſee on the table. It contains eighteen thouſand francs, and ſome jewels; accept this laſt offer of my friendſhip. Think ſometimes of me; but never forget your God. Adieu! my friend. Leave me: I can ſupport all, but the ſight of your tears!

She was ſilent; and made me a ſign to withdraw. I took her hand, and ſhed my unreſtrained, my grateful tears, upon it. In a few minutes, ſhe gently drew it away from me: and fearing too much to diſcompoſe her laſt moments, I hurried myſelf away.

Yet, I could not reſolve to leave the houſe. In the evening I ſaw her confeſſor, as he retired from her apartment. He ſaid to me: we no longer owe her any thing except the tribute of our tears.

I had given to *Osmyn*, the caſket, the laſt marks of the goodneſs of my benefactreſs. He had carried it to my apartments, and had inſtantly returned, knowing my need of his preſence in ſuch a moment. He had brought a carriage with him; and availing himſelf of the ſtupor into which I had

fallen after the confeſſor left me, he forced me into it, and led me from the mournful ſcene.

Yet, before he departed, he had time to view the inſenſibility of avarice. Scarcely had Madame *de B*——, breathed her laſt, when a man entered the houſe, accompanied by a commiſſary. He looked at me (as *Osmyn* told me, for I knew not what paſſed) with a ſuſpicious and malignant look. With avarice in his eyes, and the ſmile of triumph on his countenance and lips, he coldly placed ſeals on the doors, in the midſt of the ſobs with which the houſe reſounded. *Osmyn* almoſt rejoiced in my condition, which prevented my obſerving the revolting object.

Some days after, the will was read. Madame *de B*——, had left me an hundred thouſand crowns; to her heirs, ſhe had bequeathed ſix hundred thouſand francs, and her furniture; and had ordered a hundred thouſand francs to be diſtributed among her people and a certain number of poor, whom ſhe named.

The heirs of Madame *de B*——, inſtituted a ſuit to ſet aſide the will. I felt too much reſpect for the memory of my benefactreſs not to maintain her laſt wiſhes, in every inſtance, if poſſible. I appeared and defended the cauſe; and this ſuit coſt me great part of the eighteen thouſand francs which ſhe had given me. The heirs tri-

umphed; I loſt my legacy; and the poor were deprived of their portion. The chief of theſe heirs had an increaſe of four hundred thouſand livres.

I was now ſeized with a melancholy, which reſulted from a perſuaſion that no happineſs was to be found on the earth. I felt a ſort of hatred againſt all nature. I converted the little property which was left me into government ſecurity, and reſolved, with this ſcanty pittance, to hide myſelf from all ſociety, (excepting that of my dear *Osmyn*, whom I ſtill loved); and to wait the end of a life hitherto cruelly agitated, now ſunk into the darkeſt gloom. *Osmyn* ſeemed not to oppoſe my thoughts; and thus paſſed ſix months without any other amuſement than that of a walk, and in which I rarely indulged myſelf.

One day I found myſelf preſſed my hunger, at a conſiderable diſtance from my lodging; and, it being the uſual hour of dining at ſuch places, I entered an hotel, and placed myſelf at the table of an ordinary. The converſation turned upon happineſs. Each of the company varied as to the means, but all were convinced that happineſs was to be found; excepting myſelf alone. A few words of my own hiſtory, which eſcaped me before I was aware, awakened curioſity, and no longer left it in my power to refuſe the detail to the preſſing requeſt of my companions. All heard me with eager attention; all pitied my conditi-

on; but all remained in their former opinion. After reciprocal civilities the company separated; I went out the laſt; and found, at the door of the hotel, an eccleſiaſtic, who had been one of the company at dinner; and who had entered but little into the converſation. He accoſted me politely, and propoſed that we ſhould take a cup of coffee together. He was a ſtranger, but his appearance and manner inſpired me with confidence; and I conſented.

You avow yourſelf, ſaid the eccleſiaſtic, to be the irreconcileable enemy of happineſs; yet you appear to have a feeling and virtuous mind. This is all that is requiſite to happineſs; and I would gladly lead you into the way of felicity. Pardon me for the interruption, ſaid I, but if you have any new ſcheme of fortune to propoſe to me, I cannot hear any further. Yes: ſaid he, I would propoſe a fortune which is open to all the world, which you have but to will and to poſſeſs; a fortune which never periſhes; and which alone inſures happineſs.

"You aſtoniſh me!"—"This wealth, this happineſs, is integrity."——"Integrity! I ſhould bluſh to have wanted it."—"I will ſuppoſe ſo; and what is it?"—"To fulfil all the duties, all the obligations, impoſed on us by ſociety."—"You are far from it; an automaton might do as much without motives; a vicious mind, with improper motives."—"What then is it?"—"Integrity is a ſingleneſs of will and affection—A

will informed only by love. That love which has no bounds within the ſcope of being.—From this ſpring, preſerved pure, happineſs inevitably, invariably, flows. But in proportion as any thing extraneous mixes with it, in proportion, miſery enters with the corruption."

New light ſprang into my mind. I had thirſted for happineſs; and I now flew to ſlake my thirſt in the fountain. I need not repeat to you all the converſations which I had with this worthy eccleſiaſtic. He never quitted me till he had conſummated his work; and I owe to him a new life! a new being!

This principle, this ſentiment, ſleeps not in a ſtate of inactivity, I burned to ſerve mankind. The countrymen of my affectionate *Osmyn* preſented themſelves to my mind. Oh! cried I, that I could pluck their European tyrants from the throne of their cruelty! Yet ſhall I withhold the feeble effort of my ſingle arm? No: I will haſten to inform their minds; I will fly to ſoften their calamities!

I took the ſacerdotal habit; and keeping my eye on this object, in a few years I obtained an appointment to the ſacred office which I now fill, and in which I do find unceaſing happineſs.

Bruno having thus terminated his recital, we all preſſed upon him, to embrace him in

our turns ; to thank him for the pleaſure we had all received, and the inſtruction which we might draw from a life now crowned with virtue.

Otourou (who ſat cloſe beſide me, and whom I could ſcarce reſtrain in certain paſſages of the hiſtory), *Otourou* threw himſelf at the feet of the good old man. Ah, benefactor, deliverer of my father ! he cried. They were the only words which could ruſh from his heart.

The following day releaſed us from priſon, and the ceremony was a ſort of triumph to us. The people attended us in crowds. They were heard to cry, theſe are the negroes who were to have periſhed for having defended a European ! Theſe are the Europeans who did not doubt the innocence of negroes ! Behold, cried *Bruno*, addreſſing himſelf to the European ſpectators—Theſe are your brethren ! Why reject you the name? Is it more painful to pronounce than that of ſlave ? Deprive them not of the love you owe to all men. Love them ; nature inſpires it; humanity requires it ; God commands it. God, humanity, nature ! Where are the pagans, the idolators, who could reſiſt their united voice ? Ah, you are Chriſtians !

Some carriages had been prepared for us; and we all left the city ; but I was at firſt ignorant whither our friends deſigned to conduct us. I ſoon diſcovered we were proceeding toward the plantation of M. *de*

C——; and *Ferdinand*, having placed relays of horſes on the road, we arrived there the ſame day: the unworthy overſeer had been diſmiſſed from his employment.

To find myſelf in the midſt of my friends, in the very place that had been ſo fatal to me, gave me exquiſite delight: but ſoon I thought of *Amelia*, *Dumont;* and my heart ſunk into ſorrow. This plantation, indeed was of all others moſt capable of bringing to each of us ſome unhappy remembrance. To *Ferdinand*, it recalled his father. To *Honoria*, a guilty brother, whoſe unhappy death had haſtened that of her father. To *Otourou* the fatigues and anxiety which he had here endured; and I did nothing but weep in the apartment which the unfortunate *Amelia* had occupied.

I was aſtoniſhed that *Ferdinand* had choſen this abode, for the ſcene of a feſtival, over which he deſigned joy alone ſhould reign. Ah! I knew not, yet, all the generoſity of a heart, whoſe days were marked by unceaſing acts of beneficence!

On the following morning, all aroſe early, except myſelf. The good *Osmyn* entered my chamber, and informed me that our friends were aſſembled, and that breakfaſt waited for me. I found them ſitting round a tea-table, and they all roſe when I entered. We are very rude to diſturb you, thus, ſaid *Ferdinand*.——"Rather 'tis I, who have not ſooner attended you: but a gentle ſleep

overpowered me."——Or was it not, said *Bruno*, that the master of the house had business which engaged him? What would you say, my good father? I cried. The truth, replied *Honoria*, you are here at home. This plantation is yours. This is your title; and she presented to me a deed of gift, duly executed. Ah! I cried, what do you? I have no need of riches; your love, your heart, my friends, these shall be my only wealth! Take back, take back your favour! You refuse me then? said *Ferdinand*, folding me in his arms. But what have I done? said I, to merit——If, replied *Ferdinand*, if I were vile enough to put a price upon your benefactions, I could recall them all. I would say that you have saved my life! I would say that you once saved the life of my father, would again have saved it! I would declare that my injustice had conducted you to the gates of death! I would acknowledge that *Honoria* and I have deprived you of the man who educated you in the principles of truth, of your best friend; and of *Amelia*, of the object of your affection! I would add that your affection is still an unabating zeal! Think you that such things are paid by gifts? I should blush to have imagined so! It is to my friend that I offer the just tribute of my love!

I would have answered. All surrounded me: they closed my mouth. *Osmyn*, even *Otourou*, joined them. In vain did I defend myself. I was compelled to yield.

Well, I cried, I accept it, I accept it with joy. The names of *Ferdinand* and *Honoria* would have been graven only on my heart. Here, the air which I reſpire, every object of my ſight, will recal, without ceaſing, their dear names to me!

They looked as if they had gained a victory! Exalted friends! They had ſaid that it was I who was their benefactor!

I ſtood for ſome time contemplating the luxury of their feelings. Suddenly, I cried with tranſport—Am I then maſter here? I ſprang from them. I flew to the habitation of the negroes. They had already gone to labour. I ran to find them. They ſaw me; recollected me; ſurrounded me. My countrymen, my countrymen! They tell me that I am your maſter! ah! I am your friend! *Liberty*! This ſhall be the firſt exerciſe of my power!

Inſtantly there aroſe a confuſed ſound of joy, ſighs, applauſe, benedictions. The neareſt, embraced me! thoſe further off tendered their arms to me. What a ſight! Europeans, if you enjoy it not, anſwer it to yourſelves!

Receive our oath—cried they. Never will we quit you. On this land will we pay our debt to you. We will render it tenfold fertile.

Come, my friends, cried I. Thank your real benefactors. The generous Europe-

ans, to whom we owe the happineſs which penetrates all our minds.

I march. They follow me. I arrive at the houſe, ſurrounded with this crowd: leſs brilliant, without doubt, than that which ſurrounds monarchs; but, ſurely, more faithful, more zealous! I call *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* Come, ſay I, contemplate your work! I had but one heart to love you: I had but one voice to bleſs you. I have found an hundred to adore you: an hundred to bear witneſs to your beneficence! My friends could not ſpeak. Seized with aſtoniſhment, with joy, with pleaſure, they mingled among the negroes, and received their careſſes, they careſſed them. The names of friends, children, brethren were laviſhed with profuſion.

God of men! cried theſe unfortunate people—give to all Europeans the goodneſs of our deliverers, and negroes will periſh for them with joy!

This happy day was indeed a feſtival for the heart. My poor negroes, crowned with flowers, paſſed it with ſongs and in dances. *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* did not decline to partake of theſe pleaſures. The negroes drank to their health with the trueſt gratitude, and they returned this expreſſion of affection with ſincereſt truth. The good *Bruno*, the worthy old man, deigned alſo to forget his age and his condition; and yielded himſelf entirely to the general gaiety. And

Osmyn, *Otourou*, and I—what a ſcene for our hearts? Europe guided by humanity, and ſmiling on the virtues of Africa!

My worthy friends did not forget *Otourou* and his father. They ſecured to each an annuity for his life. This I ardently oppoſed. I was rich enough, and deſigned that we ſhould make only one family. But we muſt again ſubmit to a duty, which they deemed ſacred.

They paſſed fifteen days—ſhall I ſay with me—Yes: for I cannot write the word without renewing in my heart the gentleſt ſenſations. They paſſed, then, fifteen days with me. *Ferdinand* informed me that he had made every arrangement for his future reſidence in France. The health of *Honoria* had been much impaired, and the phyſicians had aſſured her that a more temperate climate would probably reſtore it.

Ferdinand ſaw that this intelligence grieved me. Why afflict yourſelf? ſaid he. We ſhall only be ſeparated as much as yourſelf may wiſh. I have always hoped that you would not leave me. but if you cannot enure yourſelf to the climate or manners of Europe; or any other cauſe ſhould render it diſagreeable to you, you have here an aſylum which appertains to you, independent of any will. *Dumenil* (who deſires to return to his native country with us) and we ſhall make but one family. Will not you make one of the family, *Itanoko?*

I will follow you over the earth, said I. It needed such a sentiment as my affection for you to overcome, in a negro, the remembrance of his country. I no longer, think of it; but I feel that, should I lose you, this abode would become odious to me. The desire of revisiting my country too would return with vigour. Ah, what should I seek there! New torments; since it would only offer to me the ashes of a departed father, the remembrance of a lost lover. For *Dumont* and *Amelia* without me will never return there.

My only unhappiness, said *Ferdinand*, is to leave *Bruno* behind us. I tremble to bid him a last adieu. Yet his age, still more the zeal which binds him to his duty, do not permit me to hope that he will accompany us. Ah, do not despair to overcome his repugnance, said I. He loves us as a father.

Our venerable old friend had quitted us some days before: the cares of his ministry (which he never forgot) having called him back to the city. M. and Madame *de C*—— were preparing also to depart: *Ferdinand* had taken the name of *de C*—— at the request of *Honoria*'s father. I promised to follow them when I should have established, in my plantation, the regulations that I had projected; and they left me with *Osmyn* and *Ciourou*.

The new order of things which I had de-

ſigned to adopt had not an improvement of the eſtate for its object. A care dearer to my heart, occupied my mind. It was the condition of my poor negroes. Regarding diſcipline as the baſis of tranquility, happineſs, and good order, I paid my firſt attention to that. I cauſed them all to be aſſembled, and I ſpoke thus to them.

My friends, I have reſtored liberty to you, and you have promiſed to ſerve me in return. I wiſh not by a ſurpriſe, unworthy of me and of your conduct, to abuſe the firſt emotion which gratitude cauſed in your hearts. I have not deſtroyed your chains to impoſe new ones on you. If any of you turn your eyes toward your country, let him ſpeak; let him behold me ready to conduct him thither.

A very ſhort pauſe enſued. No; was the unanimous cry. We will yet remain with you. We wiſh to die in our country in our old age; but we wiſh alſo to conſecrate our youth to our deliverer.

My countrymen, I replied, I thank you for your friendſhip. Hear what I deſign for your welfare. To aboliſh all rule would be to nurture crimes. I believe you incapable of committing any; but I will ſhew myſelf inexorable to the perverſe man who ſhall be guilty of them. Yet will I not puniſh you. The puniſhment of crimes is in the hand only of the laws. Expect not, from me, an undue compaſſion which ſhall

make me conceal the criminal. No : I will myſelf conduct him to the hands which are the depoſitary of public authority. Yet, again, I believe that not one of you will oblige me to employ this ſeverity.

But let us quit this ſubject for one that is indiſpenſible to man. It is the order ever neceſſary in a numerous ſociety. Aſſembled as you were in this place by misfortune, retained here as you ſtill are by gratitude, henceforth united by your mutual labour, your happineſs depends on concord. You ought to love each other. It is the firſt duty of men. I will give you the example ; but my friendſhip ſhall not be without diſtinctions ; if you will compell me to make diſtinctions. I will give it, without reſerve to him who ſhall exalt himſelf by his love for his brethren. It ſhall be weaker to the negro who ſhall attempt to diſturb the repoſe of this ſociety. But I ſhall eternally withdraw it from him who ſhall manifeſt incorrigible hatred againſt other men : even though they be Europeans. Loaden with my indignation, I will chaſe him from this ſpot, as the invader of the general peace.

No longer ſhall any taſks be ſet in your labour. You will calculate the quantity by your ſtrength : you will execute it by your love ; and you will continue it, as reaſon ſhall dictate. If the land ſhould remain uncultivated, I could not give you clothing and nouriſhment. Your intereſt, then proceeds hand in hand with mine. Man is

not born for idleneſs. If ſome diſſipated negro forgets this firſt law, whips ſhall not call it to his remembrance ; having done nothing, he ſhall receive nothing from us. He will therefore, have no ſupport. Then, ſhall we ſee if, compelled to tender a ſupplicating hand toward me or toward his companions to obtain ſomething for his poſitive wants, then we ſhall ſee, if he will not remember that it is neceſſary he ſhould labour.

I wiſh that my ſight may always inſpire confidence. I would not have your countenance teach me that you fear it. I would that friendſhip alone ſhould be viſible at my approach ; for, when I mingle with you, it ſhall be to conſole you in your troubles ; to ſpeak to you of mine ; and to bleſs, with you, that eternal truth and wiſdom which has attached the ſatisfaction of the heart and tranquility of the mind to an upright and exact performance of our duties : it ſhall be to liſten to your complaints, to remedy or convince you of the injuſtice of them : finally, it ſhall be to unbend myſelf from my cares (for all need indulgence) by the proofs of your attachment ; and to ſoothe yours by the effuſions of my friendſhip.

Is this mode of life agreeable to you, my friends ? Swear then, among yourſelves, to obſerve the order and well being of it.

Yes, we do ſwear ! we do ſwear ! they

cried with one voice: and may he be punished with severity who violates his oath! It is enough, said I to them. Go: the rest demands my care.

On the following morning, I arose before the break of day, and, going to the habitation of the negroes, I ordered the commander to assume his usual functions, and to pursue exactly the practice to which he had been accustomed during the time that the management of the plantation had been under the direction of the overseer. I wished, now, that my mind was somewhat at liberty to give a scope to its observation, to judge myself of the system which has been adopted for the government of the negroes.

The hour of labour having arrived, sleep was soon banished from the habitation by the frightful noise of enormous whips. In a short time, I beheld the poor negroes, almost naked, and with their eyes half opened, crawling out of this humble dwelling, in which the magic of dreams sometimes consoled them for the injustice of men. Scarcely yet assured of the truth of what they had heard and seen respecting their liberty, in short, almost believing the whole to be a delirium, I saw the impression of peace slowly vanish from their countenance; and an idea of the continuation of their wretchedness, by degrees, arising to conviction.

And now I learned that five hours ſevere labour muſt precede their firſt refreſhment. And they are men, ſaid I, who have dictated ſuch laws to men like themſelves? Are there then two ſpecies of men?

As ſoon as all the negroes were aſſembled, I took the unworthy whips, and tearing them into a thouſand pieces, I trod them under my feet; my unhappy countrymen gave a ſhout of joy; and, with one voice, one heart, praiſed the God of the univerſe for this confirmation of their liberty and happineſs; and thus (too ſeldom the caſe) was the name of the Creator heard in this land unſullied by a ſigh or tear.

I cauſed a cordial to be given to each of them; a precaution that intereſt, at leaſt, ſhould take in the abſence of humanity; to preſerve them from the conſequences of their exceſſive perſpiration, and the heat of the ſun: a principal cauſe of the frequent maladies of theſe poor people. I aſſured them that they ſhould, each morning, receive the ſame refreſhment; and that, henceforth, the ſound of a bell ſhould be the ſignal of their raiſing to labour.

We afterwards proceeded to the employment of the day; and the commander, according to his uſual practice, aſſigned to each his taſk. My friends, ſaid I, will you oblige, me by labouring a ſhort time as you

have been accuſtomed to do? The moment I made the requeſt, one of them began a ſong (2) and all of them inſtantly ſtooped to the ground, and applied themſelves to their labour with vigour. This ſong will continue till the hour of taking their food, ſaid the commander to me, and during that time no one dares to raiſe his head. I obſerved that they laboured with their faces to the ſun, whoſe increaſing heat could not fail greatly to oppreſs them. If an European were in my place, ſaid I, to the commander, you would not dare to change their poſition? No, he anſwered; the work muſt be executed preciſely as it is ordered. Suppoſe, however, ſaid I, you were to make the alteration, what would be the conſequence to yourſelf? "Probably, fifty ſtrokes of the whip."——"Would it be injurious to the proprietor were theſe people to begin their work at the other end of the ground?"——"No: it would be the ſame thing."

Oh, Europeans, does your barbarity thus pervade all! Does it extend even to the moſt indifferent things!

Still, they continued to labour with incredible activity. One of them ceaſed a moment from his work. By the violent manner in which the humid drops ruſhed from his pores, and by the working of his breaſt and ſides, I imagined that fatigue had compelled him to take breath.—You ſee that poor man, ſaid I, to the commander.—What do your inſtructions inform you

to do with him? To go, and remind him of his labour by a dozen ſtrokes of the horſe-whip. What, ſaid I, without enquiring into the cauſe of his ceaſing to work? He ſtands ſtill, replied the commander; that is ſufficient.

I approached the negro. Alas, the unfortunate man had been ſo long accuſtomed to the mandates of oppreſſion, that, forgetting his preſent condition, without ſpeaking to me, he lowered his timid head, and ſeemed to await the puniſhment which he fancied hung over him. Friend, ſaid I, why have you not continued your labour? He ſhewed me an enormous thorn which had penetrated his foot, almoſt to the bone. Tears, in deſpight of my efforts, ſprang into my eyes. And this, cried I, is a crime which Europeans deem worthy of puniſhment?

I had dwelt long enough on this ſcene; and, interrupting the labour, I placed the negroes in a ſituation where they ſuffered leſs from the ſcorching rays of the ſun. I wiſh for no taſks, ſaid I to them. Let each of you, my friends, perform as much as is ſuitable to his ſtrength; and let each reſt as his wearineſs ſhall require. Forget not that you are no longer ſlaves.

Their uſual refreſhment was now brought them. It conſiſted of ſome boiled fruits of the banana, and mouldy biſcuits. Have they no other proviſion than this? ſaid I.

Very rarely, anfwered the commander ; but, fometimes, we give them a little dry rancid cod, or a little damaged beef, the refufe of fhip ftores, which are bought at an inferior price. I caft away this infamous meal ; and diftributed among them more wholefome aliments which I had taken care to provide : for I knew the neceffity.

They afterwards returned to their labour ; but as freemen. They ceafed, at the ufual hour in the evening, with lefs fatigue, although they had performed much more than the common work of the day. And why ? It was becaufe the foul had refumed part of her energy. In chains the foul languifhes, and the body becomes enervated.

Nations of Europe ! Dogs have divided with you the glory of your conqueffs in America. You have been ungrateful to them ; and relied too little on their powers ; or, to them, you would have confided the culture of your new countries. They would have ferved you better than negroes. The weakeft of animals is man enflaved !

My friends returned from the field with fongs of triumph and joy. An European would fcarcely have believed they were negroes in the American ifles. He would have been deluded, for a moment, with the picture, which he had often feen in his own happy country, of the contented reaper, the joyful vine-gatherer returning to the peace-

ful home, where repoſe and happineſs waited his arrival.

Meanwhile, report had ſpread theſe occurrences to a conſiderable diſtance, and I ſaw a number of negroes, who had formerly deſerted from this plantation, return to place themſelves under my protection. Of ſome of theſe I enquired into the cauſes which had induced them to eſcape. The firſt that anſwered me was an old negro. One day, ſaid he, after the uſual hour of repaſt, I was ſurpriſed by ſleep, under the ſhade of a tree; and did not hear the ſignal given for us to reſume our labour. I was awakened by violent ſtrokes of a horſe whip, which lacerated my body to ſuch a degree that, in my agony, an involuntary cry eſcaped me. The overſeer, who was preſent, ſaid—Has the wretch the audacity to complain? I mildly anſwered, no ſir: my pain forced me to cry out, in ſpite of myſelf. This anſwer was conſidered as a ſcandalous outrage. The next day I was puniſhed with an hundred laſhes of the whip; and, as I had not the happineſs to die, as I vainly hoped, I preferred a flight into the mountains——where, at leaſt, death would not be attended with ſuch ſufferings.

A female negro informed me that ſhe had been employed as a domeſtic in the houſe of the overſeer. One day, continued ſhe, that I was in the apartment of the overſeer's lady, ſhe let her handkerchief fall on the ground. My back was turned to her.

The fall of an handkerchief does not make much noiſe; and, as I did not hear it, ſhe was reduced to the fatigue of opening her mouth to call me. As a puniſhment for my fault, ſhe gave me ten ſevere laſhes. One of theſe blows wounded my breaſt. At that time I ſuckled my infant, but my milk left me, and my child waſted: it was not my fault. Madam the overſeer's lady, perceived it, and told me, that ſhould my child continue to fall away ſhe would puniſh me with laſhes in proportion. If that would have made my infant thrive I ſhould have taken them patiently, but I had nothing to give him, and he continued waſting every day. The firſt time I received twenty laſhes; and fifty at the ſecond; but my child became ſtill more meagre, and that grieved me ſadly. I reſolved to leave him and take to flight; for I thought, when I ſhould be gone, they would give the infant to another woman to ſuckle, and that he would thrive again: and ſo I ran away.

I found by each of their ſtories, that they had all much the ſame cauſe for taking their flight. I enquired of the commander what puniſhment was inflicted on ſuch negroes as deſert. The firſt time, he anſwered, the proprietor orders the deſerter to be flogged according to his pleaſure; the ſecond time, they increaſe the number of laſhes, and beſide faſten a heavy iron collar round his neck, to which is fixed horizontally a long bar, alſo of iron, which prevents him from penetrating among the trees; and this burden

he is condemned to carry for life. If he deſerts the third time, he dies.

But, replied I, if I have not miſtaken that which the Europeans call the Black Code, they are forbidden to put a negro who ſhall deſert, to death. That is true, anſwered he with an arch ſmile; the negro dies, but they do not put him to death; for they do not kill him at once: he only dies in conſequence of his puniſhment. They give him ſo many laſhes to-day, ſo many to-morrow, and ſo many the day after. If the negro dies, it is not the European's fault that he had not ſtrength to ſupport a thouſand, or ten thouſand laſhes.

Ah Europeans! you indulge in the luxuries which the American iſlands produce, without ſuſpecting that theſe luxuries have precipitated generations of men to the tomb! With exacteſt truth may it be ſaid, that not a berry of coffee, not an ounce of ſugar or indigo, is exported from the iſlands which does not coſt a drop of ſome negroes blood! Alas, think you of the calculation!

How! if an handkerchief falls by the careleſſneſs of an European lady, may a negroeſs therefore be laſhed to death! What then ſhall reſult when negroes commit real crimes? What? when ſevereſt puniſhments have been the conſequence of a negro's misfortune in breaking a china cup, or his awkwardneſs in dreſſing the head of an European? (3)

I pardoned all the deſerters ; if I could pardon thoſe who had committed no crime. Nor had I among the whole number any more faithful, more induſtrious than thoſe.

Another object intereſted me ſtrongly. I interrogated the negroes ſeparately concerning their faith. There was not one who did not anſwer that he was a Chriſtian ; but when I demanded what they underſtood by the word, I found them all in the profoundeſt ignorance. Such as they had been in Africa, ſuch did I ſtill behold them among an enlightened people. Yet it is deemed a ſufficient compenſation for the ſufferings of theſe unhappy people that they are ſaved from error.——Saved from error ! Of what importance is the name of Chriſtian to them, if they are not taught the virtues of Chriſtianity ? And how ſhall they acquire them ? By inſtruction and example. Inſtruction ! they receive none. Example ! you know, Europeans, that which you give them !

I engaged a well informed and virtuous eccleſiaſtic to dwell with me : and dedicate his labours to the inſtruction of the negroes. As purity of manners facilitates the intelligence of the mind, I turned my whole attention to their conduct ; and I ſoon ſaw concord, attachment to the duties, and, in fine, happineſs reigning around me.

Otourou and his father, zealouſly ſeconded my endeavours. I enjoyed the happy fruits

of my labour; and was as a father surrounded by an immense family, who counts his hours by the love of his children. What could be wanting to my felicity? Alas, you who have loved, you will easily imagine. I frequently painted to myself *Amelia*, unfortunate, wandering, perhaps dead. I represented her father deprived of his daughter in his old age, regretting the death from which he had formerly fled upon the coast of Africa!

Such was the cause which poisoned the happiness of the most valuable days which I had passed from the moment of my birth.

One day that I had retired after dinner to take some repose (agreeable to the usage of warm countries) the idea of *Amelia* presented itself to me with such strength that I could not sleep. It pursued me more importunately than ever. I accused myself of ingratitude. Did she not, said I to myself, quit every thing to seek me? Was I not in fact a stranger to her father? And what was there which could prevent his flying to my succour? And I—an unfaithful friend, an unfeeling lover—have not I, during six months, remained in opulence without an effort to discover them. Have I thus, then, repaid their cares, their fatigues, their sacrifices? But were to seek them? I have no clue to direct my steps. What then? still, ought I to depart: my heart tells me so, and it has never deceived me.

I applauded the resolution; and I was reviewing, in my own mind, the probable

means of executing it, when a domeſtic came to inform me that a man had arrived from the city and earneſtly preſſed to ſee me. I ordered him to be conducted to me, and he ſoon entered my apartment.

Sir, ſaid he, may I take the liberty to enquire if you have not in your houſe a negro of the name of *Otourou?* Yes, I anſwered. He is one of my friends. My commiſſion, returned the ſtranger, is of a delicate nature. I am not ignorant of your conſequence here, and I have been very unwilling to do any thing which would be diſagreeable to you. I have relied on your honour; and although my orders are extremely peremptory, I have preſented myſelf alone to execute them.

To the matter, ſaid I, with inquietude. I have, ſaid he, the expreſs orders of the king to ſecure the perſon of *Otourou.*

The word was thunder to me. *Otourou!* Ah, what has he done? I cried with agony. The ſtranger ſaid, I am entirely ignorant. ——"And whither do you mean to conduct him?"—"To France: to Paris. Such are my orders."—"But, Sir, *Otourou* is no ſlave; and he is rather under the protection of the king of France than his ſubject. It was his own free will which led him to this iſland, and my houſe ought to be reſpected as his ſacred aſylum."—"Pardon me, I cannot enter into diſcuſſions. I have my orders, and I muſt obey them."——

"What under my eyes?"——"I feel, perfectly, that it will be easy for you to oppose the execution of my orders. But consider all the dangerous consequences of such a conduct."

While he spoke to me, I sought some means of amusing him and gaining time to remove *Otourou* from the danger. The door opened, and *Otourou* entered my apartment. I could not master an emotion of terror, and it clearly pointed out to the officer the very thing I would have concealed.

You are the person, said the officer, of whom I am in search. *Otourou*, I arrest you in the name of the king.

Otourou looked at me, but without emotion. I threw my arms around him, without the power of a word. A negro, who was entering the room with *Otourou*, ran to inform his father of the inexplicable affair. *Osmyn* hastened to us.

Your son!——cried I—but be the consequence what it may, I will not suffer him to be torn from me! Sir, I said to the officer, I have an hundred negroes: they will each of them perish sooner——

A moment's attention, said *Osmyn* interrupting me: be so good, he continued, addressing himself to the officer, as to acquaint me with the business. The officer

repeated the whole affair, and when he had finiſhed, *Osmyn* turned with a ſevere air to his ſon, *Otourou*, ſaid he, you are a negro: be not guilty of a falſehood. You have travelled through part of France: does your recollection reproach you with any crime? It is your father who queſtions you. None, replied *Otourou*, with firmneſs.

I am proud of it, ſaid *Osmyn*. Sir, I am his father; he ſhall follow you. I lay my command on me.

What! cried I with bitterneſs, will you ſuffer it?

Shall we tremble for innocence? replied *Osmyn*. I have but one uneaſineſs. I cannot follow him. That care, anſwered I eagerly, concerns me. If he muſt periſh, be it ſo. I will periſh with him.

You have, I hope, no ſuch misfortune to fear, ſaid the officer. But my veſſel waits and we muſt depart. Your affairs, the recommendations which it is neceſſary you ſhould procure, will not permit you to accompany us. Yet, be ſatisfied that he ſhall want no attentions of mine to render his ſituation as little painful as it can be. And, although I ſcarcely am permitted to give you the intimation, I inform you that it is to Vincennes I conduct him. When you arrive at Paris, come to me; this is my addreſs; and I will facilitate the means of your ſpeaking with your friend.

I felt that the reaſoning of the officer was juſt; and that even *Otourou*'s intereſt would not permit me to depart in leſs than two or three days. I ran to my cheſt, took out two hundred louis d'ors, and gave them to *Otourou*. Go: ſaid I. Heaven will protect us. You ſhall not be long at Paris before *Itanoko*. Ah, my friend! be without inquietude.

Inquietude, ſaid *Otourou* ſmiling: I know of none.

I aſſembled in haſte the little effects that might be uſeful to him. The officer urged us to haſten a ſeparation which only became more cruel by delaying the moment of it. Diſmayed, almoſt frantic, I threw myſelf into the arms of *Otourou*. You ſuffer, ſaid he to me: what has become of your courage? Firmneſs ſhould always accompany purity of heart.

I yielded my place to his father. He approached with a collected look. He took the hand of his ſon; and fixing his eyes upon him—You have not deceived me, ſaid he. No, my father: replied *Otourou*. Go then, ſaid *Osmyn*, I perhaps ſhall never ſee you more. I give you my bleſſing. Whatever may happen, live and die an honeſt man. He embraced him without ſhedding a tear.

I was far from imitating this conſtancy of mind. In pity to me, *Osmyn* and the

officer forced *Otourou* from my arms. They placed him in a carriage, and he departed.

What a ſtroke! It was ſo much more terrifying; as, ſince the iſſue of our laſt misfortune, I had believed *Otourou*, as well as myſelf, ſecure from any ſuch oppreſſion. I was without doubt reſpecting *Otourou*'s innocence, but I began to have an idea of the manners of Europe, of France eſpecially. Of what imprudencies was not an unfortunate ſtranger ſuſceptible, who like him had no guide but his reaſon, and the voice of nature? Might not his virtuous mind lead him into ſome act, while he remained in France, which might be deemed a crime in the eyes of a poliſhed nation?

Thus I waſted an hour in vain conjecture, in paſſionate agitation; and, at length, arrived at the reſolution I ſhould at firſt have taken—to fly, inſtantly, to M. and Madame *de C*——, to procure their recommendations; and to embark for Europe.

I called *Osmyn;* I go, ſaid I to him. You cannot accompany your ſon, and to me alone devolves the right of fulfilling toward him the duties of a father, and a friend. Govern my little republic in my abſence. I cannot leave, to our poor countrymen, any one who will be ſo dear to them, as yourſelf.

I had given my orders, and my carriage was now ready with every thing I deſigned to take with me. I cauſed the negroes to be aſſembled. My friends ſaid I to them, my concerns compel me to make a long voyage; but I leave *Osmyn* with you. Remember me ſometimes; and, if I am dear to you, love him as myſelf.

I then took *Osmyn* in my arms. Who could have foreſeen, ſaid I to him, that we ſhould have been ſo ſoon ſeparated? Yet be tranquil: my friend, I will return with your ſon, or I will ceaſe to live. I embraced him; ſprang into my carriage: and departed: while the negroes heaped bleſſings on me. Happy preſage! cried I. God muſt be ſenſible to the wiſhes of pure minds!

I travelled with ſuch diligence, that in ſix hours I was with my friends. What new misfortune? cried *Ferdinand*, repeated *Honoria*, both terrified by my air. I acquainted them in two words; and informed them of my reſolution. They ſent to requeſt the preſence of *Bruno*; and, the good old man having come, we all eſſayed to diſcover whence ſo unforeſeen a misfortune could ariſe; and ſuch is the effect of prejudice, that *Ferdinand* and *Honoria* could ſcarcely perſuade themſelves that *Otourou* had not given ſome cauſe of complaint while he reſided in France. Ah, my friends! ſaid I, fear to outrage virtue by an injurious ſuſpicion!

We converſed, afterwards, on the means which ought to be purſued. M. and Madame *de C*—— counſelled me to defer my departure for a few days. Their affairs in the iſland were nearly terminated; and, in leſs than a fortnight, they expected to embark for Europe. *Ferdinand* promiſed to haſten his departure, and repreſented to me how proper it was that I ſhould enter a country, unknown to me, with ſuch an object to accompliſh, accompanied by powerful friends; in fine, the weight that his preſence would give to his recommendations.

This might be prudent, replied *Bruno*, if we knew the nature of *Otourou*'s ſituation; but, in our uncertainty, a few days may be fatal to him. You know *Otourou*, his inconceivable frankneſs, that kind of ſtoicism which permits him not to bend to his oppreſſors, and his indifference as to his fate, when he ſees himſelf tormented by injuſtice: with this character, if we leave him to his enemies he is loſt; and that he has enemies this event declares. At leaſt, *Itanoko* will counſel him. He will temper the inflexible ſeverity of *Otourou*'s anſwers. He will ſee your friends. He will announce, to them, your approaching arrival; and they will be the leſs liable to neglect an object in the purſuit of which they find you will be ſoon perſonally engaged. I have ſtudied *Otourou*: the farther he finds himſelf removed from any ſtain, the more will he himſelf increaſe his own danger. Ah, leave

him not to be entangled in the snares of injustice!

The advice of *Bruno* was a law to us; and we heard him with entire submission. *Ferdinand* ran to the port. They pointed out to him a Bourdeaux vessel which was expected to sail the following day. He enquired if there were no other vessel ready. They informed him that a small vessel had that instant weighed anchor for Nantz; but that it would be impossible to save a passage in her.

He did not doubt but it was that in which the officer had embarked with *Otourou*. *Ferdinand* could do no better; and took my passage in the Bourdeaux vessel.

My friends employed the time which preceded my departure to prepare their letters of recommendation. *Bruno* gave me one to the worthy ecclesiastic, of whom he had spoken when he related the events of his life. He has powerful friends, said *Bruno* to me, an informed mind, and a zealous heart: place your confidence in him. *Ferdinand*, who knew the world better than I, and who knew that gold is necessary even to innocence, added an unlimited letter of credit on his banker; compelled me to accept it; and promised to follow me speedily to France.

Dumenil, whom I had not yet seen, entered. I was about to seek you, said I,

to bid you farewell; and I explained to him the subject of my abrupt departure. He paused a moment; then said to my friends, alone! In France where he has never been! He will be cruelly embarrassed! Why may not I, my dear *Ferdinand*, as I designed to have embarked with you, hasten my departure and sail with *Itanoko?* I will immediately prepare my papers and the necessaries for my voyage, and leave to your care the rest of the property I design to convey to Europe.

His friendly resolution was applauded by all; and I felt it pour an unlooked for comfort into my heart. I should now be blessed with the company of a man, who accustomed to European manners would level difficulties that I should find insurmountable; and a bosom in which I could deposit my tears, my anxieties, my alarms.

At midnight, our friends conducted *Dumenil* and I to the ship. They embraced us tenderly. They recommended me to moderate a sensibility which might injure my health, and that warmth of mind which, in France, might act contrary to the interests of the unfortunate *Otourou;* and we separated with the flattering hope of soon meeting again.

Our voyage was fortunate and speedy; and *Dumenil*, to satisfy the eagerness of my wishes, bought a carriage in which we

posted to Paris without a moment's stay at Bourdeaux.

A crowd of objects, which in this journey, in a different temper of mind, would have so strongly interested my curiosity, almost all escaped my attention; and would altogether, had it not been for *Dumenil*, who compelled me to admire the opulence of the country, the magnificence of the cities, and the wonderful vivacity of the people. He would not suffer me to pass the banks of the Loire without noticing the prodigious assemblage of antique simplicity, and modern pomp. There we saw the proud palace and the modest cottage approach each other, without jealousy. There we beheld the peaceful shepherd abandoning himself to a tender and innocent flame, at the feet of monuments on which were engraven the follies of kings.

We arrived at Paris. I flew, at once, to the officer who had given me his address. I found him; he had arrived but four hours before us. He spoke to me of my friend. *Otourou* had betrayed, he informed me, no sorrow during the voyage; but had always spoken with the tranquillity of an undisturbed mind, and with a proud indifference for the opinions of men. I recognised the character of *Otourou*. I then recalled to the officer's memory the promise he had given me to conduct me to my friend. That does not altogether depend on me, he answered; but prepare a memorial, and I will procure

it to be prefented to the minifter; and I do not doubt but he will grant the permiffion you require.

I was compelled, then, to moderate my impatience; and I began to experience the fatal delays of form. The officer humanely endeavoured to calm my mind by aſſuring me my friend was well; and that if there was any thing which I judged might leſſen the inconvenience of his ſituation, he would be in haſte to procure it for him.

Acquaint him of my arrival, ſaid I; that will, at leaſt, be ſome comfort to him. The officer promiſed to oblige me; and I, informed of European cuſtoms in this reſpect by *Dumenil*, left a rouleau of five and twenty guineas on his chimney, as a reward for his care of *Otourou*.

Dumenil and I afterwards viſited all thoſe to whom *Ferdinand*'s letters of recommendation were addreſſed; and we were obliged to detail to each all the reaſons which led us to claim their protection. Their politeneſs did not aſtoniſh me: I looked for it. But the character of the French ſurprized me at each inſtant. I ſaw them give a vague kind of attention, and even that interrupted by meereſt trifles, to a recital which, I imagined, ought to have entered into their ſouls. In this place, the arrival of a head-dreſs would not permit our patrons to hear any thing further at that

time. In another, a party to the theatre accidentally compelled them to poſtpone our audience to a future day. Here, chocolate was offered us in the moſt impaſſioned moment of our narration. There, the awkwardneſs of a lacquey rouzed, by the fall of a little porcelain, the ſenſibility of the maſter who had coldly liſtened to us. Were we ready to quit them, we were then, overwhelmed with vows, promiſes, proteſtations, aſſurances.

We reſerved our viſit to the friend of *Bruno* for our laſt. With him, we found modeſt ſimplicity, tender intereſt, and prudence matured by years. He could not repreſs ſome gentle tears at the name of *Bruno*. Is he happy ? ſaid he. Yes : we anſwered, happy in the enthuſiaſm of a feeling mind, and in the exerciſe of univerſal benevolence. It is well ; returned the venerable eccleſiaſtic. He enjoys the reward which I promiſed to the exerciſe of his virtue.

He now turned his attention to our immediate buſineſs. He ſpoke to us, alike without pride or meanneſs, of the powerful perſons whom he reckoned among his friends. Too wiſe to talk of the certainty of a ſucceſs which depended on the judgment of men, he confined himſelf to aſſurances of his aſſiduities, which he promiſed without affectation.

He requeſted a memorial from us. He

undertook to deliver it himſelf to the miniſter; and to ſtrengthen it by the intereſt of perſons of the firſt rank.

Notwithſtanding the hope which this invaluable patronage gave me, my mind was harraſſed with delays that to me were inconceivable. A ſavage, as I might yet call myſelf, I had no comprehenſion why the truth ſhould be enveloped in ſuch numerous veils, or why men ſhould be ſo tardy to remove them. Next to the deſire of ſeeing *Otourou* I was moſt tormented by my ignorance reſpecting his accuſer and the crime with which he was charged. Why, ſaid I, ſhould not theſe be as conſpicuous as the burning ſun? Yet is all hid in darkeſt obſcurity! I muſt wait with patience (if patience can viſit ſuch a mind as mine, in ſuch a ſituation) till time ſhall give me the information which I cannot otherwiſe procure.

In a few days I received a letter from the officer which announced to me a permiſſion to ſee *Otourou*: but in his preſence. *Dumenil* had gone with the eccleſiaſtic to the court which was then at Fontainbleau. I was alone then. I flung myſelf into a carriage. I haſtened to the officer's dwelling, and we were ſoon at Vincennes, where the gates were open to us. I flew into the arms of *Otourou*. Neither of us could ſpeak. Our feelings during ſome moments impoſed ſilence on us.

Otourou was the firſt to find words. What

anguiſh do I not coſt you? And my father—Is not my father with you?

I informed him of all: of the time of our arrival, the delays we experienced, the hope we entertained. Afterwards I led him, deſignedly, into a converſation on the period in which he had travelled in France with *Dumont*. He detailed this journey to us with his uſual frankneſs; omitting not the ſmalleſt circumſtance.

The officer, who ſaw my motive, ſaid—I have no degree of certainty, but I believe that the facts of which *Otourou* is accuſed are of a later date, and have happened in the iſles. Ah then! I cried, again I breathe! His innocence, there, is within the reach of proof.

We paſſed four hours with *Otourou*. Well as I knew him, I was compelled to view him with new admiration. The terror of the place, in which he was, moved him not. My preſence had even produced the gaity it was always wont to do; and, far from my being obliged to ſolace him, he was compelled to be my conſolation.

At length, the officer informed me that his duty compelled him to retire; and *Otourou* and I embraced and ſeparated.

I returned to Paris, and fled to the houſe of the Abbe *de S***, (that was the name of *Bruno*'s friend); he had arrived from Fon-

tainbleau with *Dumenil*. Ah! I demanded, what fucceſs? What have you learned? My worthy *Itanoko*, anſwered the Abbe *de S***, be patient, alarm not yourſelf; yet, this buſineſs is involved in more difficulty than I expected, and I fear it will conſume much time. How! I cried with diſmay. Come, ſaid he, we will have no deſpair. We ſhall yet ſee a happy iſſue to all. But your unfortunate friend muſt, in the mean time, endure much; and this cauſes me great inquietude.

The miniſter received us, continued the Abbee *de S***, with goodneſs; and, in reſpect to my age, inſtantly examined the ſubject of our memorial. The liberty of the perſon in queſtion, ſaid he to us, is not in my power. The crime is of too enormous a nature. He is charged with a rape.

Impoſſible! I cried. I believe as you, returned the Abbe *de S***, that it is impoſſible: but attend to me. My lord, I ſaid to the miniſter, the manners of this young negro are well known. He is no ſlave; and if you knew the circumſtances of his life you would agree that no one is more worthy of your ſervices. Pardon me the obſervation, replied the miniſter, but is it not poſſible that your candour has been deceived? The memorial which has been preſented to me perhaps might be ſufficient to convince you; but it is accompanied by documents that include ſuch proofs as are unqueſtionable. The woman herſelf complains, in her own

hand writing, of the unworthy raviſher.—You feel, continued the miniſter, that after this I could not refuſe the interference of authority: however, as you intereſt yourſelf in the fate of this young man, ſee the banker *de L*—— (he preſented the memorial to me) and endeavour to ſuppreſs this affair before it comes into the courts of juſtice. Let the banker be contented, and I will reſtore the young man to liberty. You will ſee that this is all I can do for you.

Ever ſurrounded with obſcurity! Ever entangled with obſtacles! I cried with bitterneſs.

Our impatience is uſeleſs, ſaid the Abbe *de S***. Here is the banker's addreſs. Viſit him to-morrow. All depends on his explications.

I looked at the addreſs. The circumſtance is ſurpriſing, I ſaid: this is the ſame banker on whom *Ferdinand* has given me his letter of credit. And fortunately ſo; ſaid the Abbe *de S***. It is already a happy commencement of your connection. Adieu! I muſt retire to reſt; but I will expect you both to-morrow. You ſhall dine with a youth who is my nephew; he has viſited the iſles, and may be able to amuſe you. *Dumenil* and I took our leave, for the night of the worthy eccleſiaſtic.

It was impoſſible for me to ſleep. Dread-

ful condition of humanity! said I. Vices have so disguised themselves as to compel the laws to trouble the peace of innocence! Yet we desire to live with these men! We seek their society! Ah! let us fly them!

In proportion as the night advanced so did my agitation increase. Fain would I have destroyed the unhappy tendency of my thoughts. *Otourou*, said I, is not sullied by being suspected; and has not Providence drawn us both from a labyrinth yet more dark, more terribly involved than this? And do I now doubt his assistance? His protection is not like that of men, subject to caprice, to time, to circumstances.

Such were the weapons which my reason opposed to my heart. But this indefinable heart combated with yet more violence than reason. I could not subdue it: I could no longer resist it: I sprang out of my bed.

Inconceivable circumstances! cried I: explain yourselves, and finish my torture!

In the morning I found *Dumenil* indispofed with fatigues and vexation; and I was compelled to proceed to the banker's without his company. I asked the porter if his master could yet be seen. He answered coarsely that he was not at home.——"And when will he return?"——"I know nothing of it. He is in the country."——"Well, but I wish to speak to him."——"You are not singular. Every body wants to speak to

him."——"My buſineſs is urgent."——"Well! He is not here."——"But is there no one to whom I can addreſs myſelf? Does your maſter confide in no perſon of his houſe?"——"Yes: his caſhier."——"It is fortunate: conduct me to him."——"He has been in Brittany theſe eight days."——"And when does he return?"——"To-morrow night: ſo, if you will wait, you may ſee him."——"Wait!——Wait!——But ſhall I be ſure!"——"Yes: he will be here to-morrow evening at five: certainly."

Dumenil was ſurpriſed to ſee me return ſo ſoon. I recounted to him what had paſſed. He exhorted me to be patient. Such is Paris, ſaid he. The moſt preſſing buſineſs languiſhes there. It is a world, in which you never encounter thoſe whom you want.

Dumenil would now accompany me to the Abbe *de S***; we proceeded to his houſe; and I informed him alſo of my bitter diſappointment. I feel your ſufferings, ſaid he; but what can be done? To-morrow, you will be more fortunate. This caſhier muſt know ſomething. The banker cannot be abſent without confiding his concerns to him. Courage, then; and a truce to vexations! Come: let me enjoy without mixture the pleaſure which I promiſe myſelf in ſeeing you, for the firſt time, at my table. My nephew writes a letter in my library.—He will ſoon have finiſhed, and I will introduce him to you.

In a little time the Abbe sent to see if his nephew was ready; and we saw him appear with the messenger.

Oh thou first ray of happiness which pervaded the darkest gloom of my life! ah! never fade from my memory!

I raised my eyes to the young man.—— Ah, my God! I cried. But I had not power to move. He recollected me; and eagerly flew to embrace me.—It was the youth who had been equerry to *Theodore*. *Itanoko!* he exclaimed. Does *Itanoko* live?—Alas! Have I not injured you? Ah, I have too readily believed appearances, in opposition to the virtue of a man!

The Abbe *de S***, to whom I had related my adventures, speedily recognised in his nephew, the man who had aided my flight when my life was threatened by *Theodore*. While I had recounted my history to him, my respect for *Honoria* had made me conceal the name of her brother.

But how came it, said I to this young man (whose name was *Francis*) that you were so suddenly and so speedily snatched from my affection and gratitude? twenty times have I made enquiries concerning you, yet learnt not any thing of your fate. Alas, he answered, humanity called me away. Dreading the sight of *Honoria*'s tears, detesting a place which presented nothing to me but the goring blood of the vic-

tims of vice, ſhall I alſo confeſs——yielding to the general prejudice againſt you; in fine, informed that the unfortunate object, who, in the midſt of this ſcene of horror, ſeemed the only one that ought to intereſt my feeling, was in a place of ſecurity, I departed to join her. I travelled into the Spaniſh territory to which I had directed her flight, and ſoon found her. I promiſed her (it was all I had to promiſe) my unwearied cares, and the goodneſs of my uncle, to protect her till we ſhould gain intelligence of her father. We embarked for Europe. Flying from a country whoſe remembrance wounded our hearts, we arrived at Paris; where the beneficence of my uncle fulfilled the hope I had entertained in behalf of an object at once demanding my eſteem and pity.

Ah! of whom do you ſpeak? I cried. How then, anſwered *Francis*, have you forgot the crimes of *Theodore?* His odious paſſion——The woman whom——

Every word beſide was loſt to me. I would have pronounced the name of *Amelia*. It expired on my lips. I trembled. The good abbe and his nephew ſupported me. I had need of their aid, for my ſtrength abandoned me.

The worthy eccleſiaſtic haſtened to temper the violence of one ſentiment by the remembrance of another. He took my hand, and ſaid with gentleneſs to me, indeed I do

not now recogniſe *Itanoko*. You who have ſupported ſuch fearful changes of fortune, have you not now courage to withſtand the firſt emotions of joy? Do you thus abandon yourſelf? What then will become of the unfortunate *Otourou?* Your condition is ingratitude to him!

This wiſe conduct did more to recal me, than all the aſſiſtance which could have been laviſhed on me. It abated the vehement heat which had been ſuddenly precipitated, as a torrent of fire, into my veins.

I will live! cried I, making an effort to recall my thoughts. Yes, I will live for *Otourou!* But let me ſee *Amelia!* Let me ſee her if you would preſerve my reaſon! I will conduct you, ſaid *Francis*. Stay, replied the Abbe; your unexpected appearance might deſtroy her. She is perſuaded that you no longer exiſt. I have placed her in a religious houſe; an aſylum which her ſituation ſeemed to require. I will write to the Abbeſs. I will beſeech her to communicate the intelligence to *Amelia* by degrees. The delay will be favourable even to yourſelf. Your joy will be the purer; becauſe, leſs the impulſe of momentary emotions. He left us to write the letter.

I cannot conceive, ſaid *Dumenil*, how *Amelia* could have preſerved ſuch an aſtoniſhing ſilence! She muſt, doubtleſs, have ſpoken to you of *Itanoko?* You would not conceal from her that he was known to you?

Why then not write to him? Why not inform herſelf——

Francis interrupted him. *Amelia* herſelf, ſaid he, ſaw *Itanoko*.——But I will leave to her the taſk of recounting her own misfortunes. Her ſilence ſurpriſes you. Lay the guilt of it on me alone. Yes: my dear *Itanoko*, it was my crime.

Francis confeſſed, with unfeigned ſorrow and unreſtrained candour, that he had not relied on my innocence, and had communicated the frightful intelligence to the wounded mind of *Amelia*. I believed it to be neceſſary, ſaid he, to extinguiſh a hope which I thought vain, and which I ſaw preyed on her ſoul. My attachment for the unfortunate *Amelia* was the cauſe. Will you not pardon it, *Itanoko?* Ah! the excuſe is too dear to me!—cried I, folding him in my arms. But how was ſhe perſuaded to follow you? She knew that *Otourou* waited for her. So has ſhe ſince told me, replied *Francis*. But chance conducted the myſterious ſcene. *Otourou* wiſhed to ſave *Amelia*, I alſo wiſhed it; and the deſign of *Otourou* which I knew not, inſured the ſucceſs of mine, of which he was ignorant.

You recollect, he continued, the indignation with which the conduct of *Theodore* inſpired me? The unfortunate female, who ſeemed deſtined to fall a victim to his villainy, reproached my feelings; nor could I reſt till I had reſolved to hazard all for her

deliverance. The firmneſs with which ſhe had oppoſed her tyrant aſſured me that ſhe would ſeize, with joy, the firſt opportunity of flight. I made myſelf maſter therefore of the confidence of two negroes. The employment of one of theſe lay in the outer parts of the dwelling: and that of the other, within the houſe. I deſigned the latter to facilitate her eſcape; and I propoſed that the other ſhould conduct her to the Spaniſh territory. They were intelligent and expert. They comprehended my plan entirely, and ſerved me with fidelity. Every thing ſeemed to forward my attempt. The overſeer, to whom alone the care of *Amelia* had been entruſted, was confined to his bed by a wound in his leg, which was a ſmall part of the puniſhment that his baſeneſs had well deſerved. I therefore now fixed, for the time of *Amelia*'s eſcape, the evening of the day on which (I have before told you, *Itanoko*) *Theodore* was to depart for the city.

On the evening, (*Francis* continued) the negro who reſided within the houſe entered the apartment of *Amelia*, under pretence of carrying her ſome refreſhment. Fearing a ſurprize if the affair was not executed ſpeedily, I had ordered this negro to ſtay not a moment with *Amelia*, further than to ſpeak the few words which I had put into his mouth. He accordingly ſaid to her in a low voice—All is ready for your flight; the negro waits for you below. Be prepared: in a quarter of an hour, I will re-

turn, and conduct you. So strangely did events concur, that this was the same evening on which she expected *Otourou*. She instantly, then, imagined that the message came from him; and did not hesitate. She was ready when the negro returned; they descended without noise; got out of the house successfully; and the other negro took her under his care. The first (according to the instructions I had given him, and which were designed to prevent suspicion resting on any of the domestics) again entered the apartment of *Amelia*; bolted the door within: attached a ladder to the window; got out of the house by this ladder; left it there; and retired, without being discovered.

Judge of the fury and terror of the overseer, when the next day he was informed of *Amelia*'s flight. By the most awful threats, he imposed silence on the whole house. He caused the ladder to be left in the same position: and when we returned the following night the impostor swore to *Theodore* that he had scarcely quitted *Amelia* a few minutes before. The suspicions of all were turned toward you. I ran to warn you of your danger; and you know the rest.

The Abbe *de S****, entered at this moment. He had dispatched a servant with his letter, and we placed ourselves at table. I thought only of the return of the messenger; nor could any effort of my friends divert my attention.

At length, he came with the anſwer of the abbeſs. She invited us to attend her at ſix in the evening. She condeſcendingly promiſed to receive us in the exterior part of the houſe without the grate, to leave us more at liberty, and ſeemed to hope that ſhe ſhould be able ſufficiently to prepare the mind of *Amelia*. We had not more than two hours to wait. Years have appeared ſhorter to me! The Abbe procured a carriage; and we departed.

Often have I endured an anguiſh which I have thought could not be increaſed to greater agony. Often, have I thought my ſoul would not exiſt beneath it. Yet, never had I ſuffered ſo much as in this inſtance. An univerſal trembling ſeized my limbs; and the wildeſt apprehenſions ſhook my heart.

The carriage had ſtood a moment ſtill; and they had twice told me that we had reached the houſe, before I could at all reſume my recollection. I then attempted to ſpring to the door: in vain. My friends ſaw themſelves compelled to take me in their arms. I ſomewhat recovered myſelf, and with difficulty aſcended the ſtairs. The abbeſs received me with the tendereſt pity. Fear nothing, ſaid ſhe, *Amelia* is informed of all.

She appeared—I ſaw her—She ran with open arms—I fell at her feet—I felt her

hand preſſing on my heart—No words, no ſighs, no tears, came to expreſs our feelings!

The ſpectators trembled for our ſafety. They approached us. They ſpoke to us. They would have ſeparated us. It was in vain: ſhe was now in my arms. It ſhall be for ever! I cried. Speech ruſhed upon me, and I raved out all my joy. My father! Oh, my father! exclaimed *Amelia*. You are not here! He ſhall be reſtored to us! I cried.

My hope mounted on the wings of rapture, and ſaw every thing within its reach.

Happily, by degrees, the delirium ſubſided. The murmur of ſentiment ſucceeded; and, then, for a moment, happineſs without a mixture of anguiſh!

The Abbeſs, whoſe reſpectable old age added dignity to the virtues of a feeling mind, had conceived the affection of a mother for *Amelia*. At length I perceived the little attention which I had paid to this venerable woman. Pardon, ſaid I, madam, the diſorder of my conduct: but happineſs is not familiar to me; pardon my inattention! You need no excuſe, ſhe replied. What reſpect, what attention, is worth the pleaſure you have given me! But, added ſhe, ſmiling, you owe me your gratitude, and I will have an immediate proof of it. You may imagine there is nothing that is hid from me which concerns you, and which

is within the knowledge of *Amelia*. It is yours, to make me altogether acquainted with the man whom I am now impatient to know.

I saw in the eyes of *Amelia* the burning desire she had to hear me; and I suffered not myself to be further intreated. The recital cost her many tears. But what tears? How different from those which she had shed in Africa! Which she had shed in a place made for negroe's tears, in the baleful islands of America! We were again united, and all wretchedness effaced!

But have I not, said I, acquired a right to make a request in my turn? You have, said *Amelia*, who understood my wishes; and, though I would gladly forbear to recal some cruel moments to my mind, my heart is yet too proud of its fidelity to *Itanoko*, to deny the recital of any part of what it cost me.

Otourou has faithfully informed you of every circumstance since our losing you in Africa, till the hour I was torn from his protection in that fatal island. May I soon see him again! Not even the satisfaction of this moment, *Itanoko*, can make me forget what I owe to his constant friendship!

You know the manner in which I was taken from him. But *Otourou* has been too modest to give you all the truth of his courage. Wholly engaged in defending me, he thought not of himself. He long made the

noblest resistance against a multitude, and it was in this unequal combat that he laid *Theodore* at his feet. At length, he was overpowered, and I doubted not that my eyes had seen him for the last time.

Ah, *Itanoko*, think what passed at that instant in the mind of the unfortunate *Amelia!* Yet, I felt that the moment required courage, and I collected all the powers of my mind. Be proud, my heart! I exclaimed. In misfortune, inflexibility is a virtue. It is the safeguard of honour!

I was not long in discovering the cause which led to my misfortune. I saw it in the elegance of the dwelling to which I was conducted, in the attentions which were paid me, and in the language of an old woman who never quitted me. In a few days, *Theodore*, the detestable enemy of my peace, entered the apartment in which I was confined. Prayers, tears, professions of love, menaces, presents, all were essayed with profusion; and all were disdained. At length, the miserable wretch offered me his hand; and I felt my indignation roused more by that than by all his other insults. Think you that forms, cried I, alter the nature of things? Know, European, that I will have, for a spouse, none but the man whom I esteem.

Incensed by my refusal, excited by the base counsels of the despicable woman, whom he had placed over me; in fine,

yielding up his mind to the fierce cruelty of his character, violence succeeded to importunities. He thought that fear, want, and sufferings, would subdue my resolution; but he knew me not.

I was suddenly hurried from my chamber, dragged into a dark and damp vault, and my limbs were loaden with chains. The wretched inhabitants of the house in which I was confined had basely sold themselves, and had become the tools of the still baser *Theodore*. Ah, what a condition for a woman who had been educated amid tenderness, and reared on the lap of happiness! I had but one hope left. I had concealed a knife in despight of all their vigilance. In my moments of solitude, I pressed it to my bosom as the guardian of my honour.

Thus passed eight days, and still my mind did not abate of its independence. Yet, *Theodore* believed that the aspect of eternal slavery would compel me to bend before him, and to throw myself on his mercy. I pardon him the suspicion. His heart was not made to know me. He appeared in my dungeon; a man accompanied him. Here, said he, is the obstinate slave whom I wish to sell you. Your slave! said I. Your fetters have not changed my condition! While my soul shall remain pure, *Amelia* shall be free! I shall be glad to buy her, said the stranger; and then they both remained silent during some minutes. *Theodore* sought,

with an attentive eye, for the effect which he thought this anſwer would produce on me. I was unmoved. My condition for a moment ſeemed to touch his ſoul. Aſtoniſhing woman! ſaid he: at leaſt condeſcend to entreat my pardon. Your pardon! I cried. Find a tiger, let him looſe upon me, and I will fly to meet him with joy!—My words rekindled his fury. I will periſh, ſaid he, as he left me, or I will triumph over you!. Then, replied I, you ſhall periſh!

On the following day, the horrible old woman whom I had not ſeen during my abode in the dungeon, a great Indian Moor who ſerved *Theodore*, and another man, entered my diſmal abode. They removed my fetters; and, doubtleſs, fearing my cries, they bound an handkerchief upon my mouth. I could not walk. They were obliged to carry me in their arms, and they placed me in a carriage, on the ſame ſeat with *Theodore*. When we were at ſome diſtance from the city, they removed the handkerchief from my mouth, which had almoſt ſtifled me; and *Theodore* preſſed me to ſpeak.—During the whole way, I ſuffered not a word to eſcape me. Whither do they conduct me? thought I. I knew not, nor what I was next to endure!

Ah, they were conducting me to the place in which was my *Itanoko!* To a place which I would have preferred to a world, and from which *Theodore*, had he known all, would have fled as from death!

The ſolitary ſituation of this houſe cruelly alarmed my mind. I now thought myſelf totally loſt. Ah! ſaid I, ſhrink not, my ſoul! and dear inſtrument of my ſafety, I continued preſſing the knife to my lips, fail not my purpoſe!

It was about three in the morning when we arrived at this plantation. *Theodore* paſſed the greater part of the day with me, and the evening drew near, and I had not yet ſpoke. At length I could no longer contain my feelings, and our converſation was earneſt on both ſides. I boldly repreſented to him the injuſtice, the barbarity, the cowardice of his conduct to me. The energy of truth, the vehemence of feeling confounded him. I ſaw him turn pale. He almoſt repented; and, confiding in the aſcendency of virtue over vice, I began to hope that I ſhould ſubdue him. He liſtened to me ſitting; I was on my feet: and, in my agitation, I ſometimes croſſed the room. I approached the window, and by accident caſt my eyes over a garden. Ah, gracious God! I ſaw my *Itanoko!* Nature is ſtronger than prudence. A word might bring ruin on myſelf, might bring ruin on *Itanoko*. Nature ſnatched the word from me: I ſhrieked and cried—Oh, my *Itanoko*!

The fury of *Theodore* was now madneſs. Is this, then, he cried, the cold virtue which diſdains me? Deſpicable woman—who cannot feel the honour I would do you! But, I will deſtroy the object of your baſe paſſion.

preſence there immediately, he requeſted that *Dumenil* (unleſs his aſſiſtance ſhould be particularly needful to me) would join him with as much ſpeed as poſſible; that he might be able to leave *Honoria* with leſs uneaſineſs, to follow him, by eaſy journies to Paris, accompanied by *Dumenil*.

Dumenil reſolved to ſet off immediately; and, it being then about two in the morning, he hoped to reach Havre before the enſuing night. I ſcarce could reſtrain my deſire of going with *Dumenil*. Even the happineſs of paſſing the day with *Amelia* would have yielded to the ſacred engagements of gratitude; but ſix in the evening of the ſame day was the hour in which I expected to ſee the banker's caſhier, and friendſhip and humanity impoſed ſilence on every other conſideration.

As *Dumenil* prepared for his departure, I ſaid to him—do you not find an air of ſorrow in the letter of *Ferdinand*? his wearineſs, replied *Dumenil*, after a long voyage; or rather, perhaps, his being compelled to leave *Honoria* for a few days, may have ſomewhat effected him: but let not your ſenſibility imagine cauſes of diſtreſs. He eaſily perſuaded me that my apprehenſions were groundleſs. I embraced him; he departed; and I went to my chamber to take ſome repoſe, of which I now ſtood greatly in need after the violent tumults of the preceding day.

I had found *Amelia*; I ſhould ſoon ſee

Honoria and *Ferdinand;* I had powerful friends, who would make the moſt diligent enquiries reſpecting *Dumont*, and I flattered myſelf we ſhould diſcover his retreat; my fortune ſurpaſſed even my wiſhes, for my friends had made me maſter of an annual income of more than five and twenty thouſand livers; *Otourou* was innocent, and muſt again be free;—ſleep overtook my mind engaged in theſe reflections, and never was ſleep more gentle.

Francis entered my chamber while I yet ſlept. You forget, ſaid he, waking me, that ſleep is ſo much deducted from the enjoyments of the ſoul. True, I anſwered, it ſhould have been made for the unfortunate alone. I aroſe and informed him of *Dumenil*'s departure. We took our chocolate together, and then proceeded to the convent, to which his uncle the Abbe was already gone.

The hiſtory of this day will be eaſily imagined. But oh, what a day! Filled with tender effuſions, with mutual remembrances, each word leading to a new thought, and the mouth at length becoming inſufficient for the crowd of thoughts! The Abbeſs ſpoke of our marriage, and wiſhed us to fix a day for its ſolemnization. *Amelia* confeſſed that ſhe thought not of that day without pleaſure; but ſhe called to our mind the uncertainty in which ſhe was reſpecting her parents. The feeling was too pure to be oppoſed by any argument; and notwith-

ſtanding the violence it did my affection, I yield to it; not without ſome degree of ſatisfaction. The Abbe *de S*** undertook to make every enquiry reſpecting *Dumont*, and ſcarce ſeemed to doubt ſucceſs.

The clock ſtruck five, and I aroſe to go to the banker's houſe. I left my friends, who intereſted in the fate of *Otourou*, promiſed to wait my return.

The porter recollected me, and informed me that the caſhier had arrived, and expected my viſit. He conducted me to his apartment, but left me in the antichamber to announce my arrival. This ſingle minute was awful to my feelings! He returned, and deſired me to enter. I advanced, and ſaw the caſhier riſe to receive me.

He flew and caught me in his arms. Ah, it was *Dumont* that preſſed me to his boſom! My friend! my child! my *Itanoko!* He uttered as if doubting himſelf. Ah! I cried—and do I ſee you, my too generous friend! And may I yet pay you for all the ſorrows, all the fatigues, which you have ſuffered for me! Oh *Itanoko*, he ſaid, what a loſs have I endured! To ſee you recals all my anguiſh. What is become of my unhappy daughter? Why is not ſhe here to augment our joy?

I was inſtantly ready to inform him of all that reſpected *Amelia*, but prudence as inſtantly ſtayed me; and I trembled when I

conſidered how fatal the ſudden and violent emotion might be to him. He appeared to be extremely meagre, and borne down by infirmities; and I ſaw that much preparation was neceſſary to introduce the intelligence which my heart almoſt refuſed to conceal. When our mutual tranſports had ſomewhat ſubſided, I turned the converſation, as if careleſsly to the latter part of my adventures, and I entered into the matter which immediately concerned *Otourou*. Ah! ſaid he—ſpeak not of him! Forget a wretch who has unworthily betrayed me, and given me the deepeſt wound which can be ſtruck to the heart of a father! Alas, how did I once love him, and how has he paid me for all my tenderneſs! But this—*Itanoko*, and we will name him no more: the banker did but lend me his influence; it was at my inſtance that *Otourou* was caſt into priſon, I have no longer a daughter! you no longer a lover! and the crimes of that traitor has torn her from us both!

The inſtantaneous pardon of *Otourou* could not have delighted me more than than this diſcourſe. To know his accuſer and the crime imputed to him, was to be ſure of his innocence and his liberty. Beware, ſaid I to *Dumont*, that ſome appearances do not deceive you. When you know *Otourou*, you will be ſorry to have ſuſpected him. Would to God! replied he—that it were nothing but ſuſpicion! I have but too many proofs!

He aroſe, and brought me ſome papers

from his cabinet. Alas! he continued—on the frightful day in which I thought you already reſtored to us, and in which you was a ſecond time torn from us, having been with the magiſtrate to obtain from him an aſſiſtance which might enable us to diſcover you, I returned on board my veſſel: I expected to have found my daughter there, who, my heart told me, muſt need all my conſolations. She had not been ſeen. Conceive my inquietude my torments! What could I ſay to a mother, yielding to her apprehenſions? Ah! what could I ſay to my agonizing heart? The night paſſed, and yet no news! Scarcely was it day when a letter was brought to me, by a boat belonging to the port. It came from a young man, a ſtranger to me, who ſubſcribed himſelf *Theodore de C*——. Alas Heaven has not permitted me to repay his kind benefaction! This is the letter.

I took it, and read it as follows:

"Sir,

You are unknown to me, yet my heart feels for you. Yeſterday evening, as I walked on the ſhore, a young perſon (whom I believe to be your daughter, having ſeen her more than once land from your ſhip, and alſo having ſeen your ſailors treat her with reſpect) was on the point of ſtepping into your boat. A negro, who belongs to you, forcibly prevented her; and, notwithſtanding her cries and reſiſtance, he hurried her away with violence aſſiſted by ſome accomplices. His name is *Otourou:* your daughter too often pronounced the name with rage and indignation

to permit me ever to forget it. Humanity urged me in behalf of the ſufferer, but I ſaw it would be in vain to oppoſe myſelf to the brutality of theſe men; and to inform you of the diſaſter was all that remained in my power. As this deed has all the air of a rape, the villain undoubtedly fled with his prey to the Spaniſh part of this iſland. I ſhould judge, therefore, it would be moſt adviſeable for you to haſten to the Spaniſh ports, as it is probable he deſigns to ſail from one of them. Trouble not yourſelf to ſeek for me: too young to offer you any aid, all my ſervices muſt be included in this advice, which, though cruel to your feelings, is yet neceſſary.

I am, &c.

Theodore de C——."

Are not, I thought, the perſecutions of the wicked during their life ſufficient; muſt they yet purſue virtue from the depth of the tomb? But how could *Theodore*, at that period, have made himſelf maſter of *Otourou*'s name? Ah—now I ſee it. He has intercepted the letter which the unfortunate *Otourou* wrote to *Dumont* when he entered his priſon.

While theſe reflections paſſed in my mind, *Dumont* continued: this letter was the inſtant death of my wife; and, though I could ſcarce reſiſt the crowd of misfortunes which ſurrounded me, I went on ſhore to give information to the miniſters of juſtice of what had happened. I ſailed ſoon after,

and ran through the Spaniſh ports; but all my reſearches were in vain. At length, the diminution of my funds compelled me to ſail for France. There I ſold my veſſel, and my commercial knowledge procured me the ſituation which I have held in this houſe. Ever occupied with the cauſe of my ſorrow, ever revolving all the circumſtances of it in my mind, I confeſs to you I felt, at times, extreme difficulty to believe *Otourou* culpable on the mere credit of *Theodore de C*——'s letter; but too ſoon even the ſmall conſolation of doubt was not left me. The banker received letters from his correſpondent at St. Domingo, requeſting him to make enquiries concerning me; and, if poſſible, to remit to me the written evidence which was ſubjoined to his packet of letters. The banker inſtantly gave it to me, and I read in it, that a negro named *Otourou*, having been apprehended for a murder, had been ſearched, and that the billet annexed to the evidence was found upon him: that this billet having an immediate connection with the declaration made by M. *Dumont*, ſome time paſt, it had been thought proper to remit it to him, in caſe he ſhould chuſe to proſecute the negro. This is the billet, added *Dumont:* it is the hand-writing of my poor daughter!

How great was my ſurprize when I recognifed the words which *Amelia* had written to *Theodore* at the inſtant of her flight, and which *Otourou* had taken from her chamber! Again, and again, had I read it, and

knew every word, every letter, which it contained. What an incredible chain of events faid I, to myfelf, and how weak is the means which Providence has ufed to conduct us to the height of felicity? Without this billet, never, in all probability, fhould I have found the very perfons who were neceffary to my happinefs!

You imagine, faid I to *Dumont*, that you poffefs the proof of *Otourou*'s guilt, and you hold in your hand, my dear *Dumont*, the facred teftimony of an exalted friendfhip.

I then entered into the hiftory of the fufferings of *Amelia* and *Otourou*. *Dumont* liftened; yet, at times, almoft yielded to the oppreffion of various feelings. At the concluſion, doubt was fuperior to all, and he afcribed what I had related to my blind friendfhip for *Otourou*.—Well, I faid, I will pardon the father the injury which he does to the honour of my friend, to his own friend. But would you not believe inconteftible evidence? Would you have courage to hear the witnefs? Oh, he anfwered, it would be felicity to be aſſured of the innocence of a man whom I have loved, as I loved *Otourou!* I will bring, replied I, this invaluable witnefs; but prepare for the moft exquifite, the moft voluptuous furprize!

What would you fay? cried *Dumont*, with fomething like expectation in his looks. Ah! what a hope rufhes into my mind!

I felt that the firſt difficulty was ſurmounted. I fly, ſaid I, to bring my witneſs! Dream of nothing but happineſs, till I return!

I flew with the ſwiftneſs of joy to the convent. My friends turned their eager eyes upon me. I felt myſelf embarraſſed—I knew not in what manner I could ſpare the ſenſibility of *Amelia*—I endeavoured to moderate my own agitation—My friends, I ſaid, I have the happieſt tidings to communicate! *Otourou* ſhall be free! cried *Amelia*, Yes, I anſwered—but does your heart intimate nothing better? He is already free! ſaid ſhe. Then, ſaid I, you can ſuppoſe the ſight of *Otourou* ſtanding inſtantly before you. Do not doubt it, ſhe replied. Let him come! Let me ſee him! With ſuch courage, continued I, you could reſiſt the violence of a more powerful ſurprize? Ah! cried *Amelia* —either you are the crueleſt man on earth, or you have ſeen my father! Do you think me cruel? I anſwered. Ah! I underſtand you, ſaid ſhe—He lives—You have ſeen him —Where is he?—Ah, fly with me to his feet!

Amelia threw herſelf into my arms; our friends ſurrounded us; I communicated, with a word, the moſt delicious tranſports to their hearts.

The abbeſs inſtantly ordered her carriage, and in a minute we were all at the banker's houſe. I have not yet named you to *Du-*

mont, said I, to *Amelia*. Yet he almoſt expects to ſee you. My friends, you ſhall remain in his antichamber. I will enter his apartment, and leave the door open, and *Amelia* can ſeize the fitteſt inſtant to appear.

We aſcended to the antichamber. I entered *Dumont*'s room. He walked with haſty ſtrides, expecting me.

"Well, are you prepared to receive my witneſs?"——"Yes: though it were my daughter."——"Could you ſtill think *Otourou* culpable?"——"Ah! I would to God, he were yet worthy of being my friend!

Amelia could no longer withhold herſelf. She cried out, ran, appeared, fell at *Dumont*'s feet. My father! cried ſhe—My father, do not accuſe him! He is the model of human virtues!

Ah, what an intereſting ſcene paſſed before our eyes! The daughter and father could not be ſeparated: yet the eyes of *Amelia* ſought for ſomething further. *Dumont* underſtood them; for nature explained them to him. Do not demand your mother—ſaid he, to *Amelia*, preſſing her to his boſom. She enjoys the recompenſe of her virtues. This ſorrowful information ſpread a cloud over the gentle moment; but the preſent happineſs, ever ſo powerful over the heart of men, ever ſo irreſiſtible in its influence, inſenſibly diſſipated this tranſient gloom, and joy took entire poſſeſſion of the hour.

Amelia having satisfied the ardent curiosity of her father, I interrupted their conversation to recal *Otourou*'s situation to their mind. Each minute which now prolongs his imprisonment, said I, would be a minute of guilt to us. And of anguish to my mind! —said *Dumont*.

The minister was at Paris, and the Abbe *de S*** proposed to *Dumont* that they should both wait upon him while we should return with the Abbess, and expect their arrival at the convent. This benevolent lady, who never suffered an occasion of doing good to escape her, said to them—No: let the young people go to the convent, but it will be better that I should accompany you to the minister. It is late, and you will probably be refused an audience; but a visit, at such an hour, from a person of my description, will itself speak something extraordinary, and will probably open the minister's closet to us. We all thanked the Abbess for this obliging care, and *Dumont* and the Abbe *de S*** proceeded with her in her carriage to the minister's residence; while *Amelia*, *Francis*, and I returned to the convent. We did not long expect them there. They came with a mandate for *Otourou*'s release, and they were desired to go and receive *Otourou* early on the following morning.

Freed from all cares, we placed ourselves at table, and this was the first repast which I had enjoyed without a mixture of anxiety

ſince the time in which my peaceable youth had fed on fruits cultivated by the hand of *Amelia*.

When the deſſert was placed on the table, and the ſervants had withdrawn, the Abbeſs, addreſſing herſelf to *Dumont*, ſaid—There is no one but myſelf, ſir, who loſes by your preſence. I was the mother of *Amelia*, and her only parent; but you have come to rob me of my rights. I regret them much; for it would have been a delightful office to me to have given her to *Itanoko*. Command, madam, replied *Dumont*; my daughter can never prove her reſpect to me more perfectly than in obeying your pleaſure. Then, ſaid the Abbeſs with goodneſs, *Itanoko*'s happineſs ſhall not be delayed. My friend, ſaid *Dumont*, taking my hand, you know my daughter's virtues, and thoſe are her only portion. A poverty, which I do not lament, is all that I can offer you in my alliance. Ah, ſaid I, caſting myſelf at *Amelia*'s feet.—Let my *Amelia* conſent to my happineſs, and I ſhall be too rich. *Amelia*'s ſmile avowed her ſentiments. You, madam, ſaid I, to the Abbeſs, have deigned to take the title of a mother; confirm, then, my happineſs and conſent to our ſigning our marriage contract inſtantly on the arrival of *Ferdinand*. I conſent, ſaid the Abbeſs; but I muſt preſerve my rights entire; the ceremony muſt paſs under my roof. *Dumont*, *Amelia*, and *I*, thanked her with unfeigned gratitude. The tears of beneficence flowed from her eyes: you are happy, ſaid ſhe, but I am ſtill

more so—and she was eager to relieve herself from the effusions of gratitude, which do but oppress generous minds.

The excess of my felicity had not made me forget my suffering friend. Before the break of day, *Dumont*, *Amelia*, and I flew to the Abbe *de S***, who accompanied us to Vincennes. The gates of *Otourou*'s prison were opened to us, and soon we pressed him to our bosoms. The sight of *Amelia* and her father appeared a dream to him. He could not forbear to contemplate them, to assure himself by repeated embraces that his senses did not delude his heart.

We were in haste to bear him from the scene of his suffering, and soon presented him to the Abbess. I explained to him the obligations which had been conferred on him by that lady and the Abbe *de S***. *Otourou* possessed not the polish of European manners: his thanks were those of nature. You have pitied an unfortunate man, said he. May Heaven bless you; and as your reward, present you frequent opportunities of comforting the afflicted!

I employed the rest of the day in reducing my marriage contract into form, and in purchasing jewels which I designed for *Amelia* and my friends. According to my calculation, *Ferdinand* must arrive during the night; or in the morning at the furthest; and I was impatient to terminate all my arrangements that nothing might interrupt

the delightful moments which I promiſed myſelf I ſhould enjoy with my friends.

Otourou, ſeldom thinking of himſelf, and now participating in the confuſion of our joy, had made no enquiries into the unjuſt motives which cauſed his impriſonment; but ſome words which eſcaped *Dumont* in the tranſports of his friendſhip, his gratitude, his remorſe, ſurpriſed and inquieted *Otourou*. In the evening, we being together alone, he demanded an explanation of his unfortunate affair, and I did not ſcruple to give it him without reſerve. Imprudent! For a moment, I had forgotten *Otourou*. He heard me with an aſtoniſhment which I cannot expreſs; I recollected his diſpoſition, and bitterly repented my imprudence. At the concluſion of my recital, he remained a minute ſilent, and then ſaid—with a look of indignation which almoſt arreſted my blood in its courſe—I could never have imagined myſelf liable to the ſuſpicions of *Dumont*. He changed the converſation; and we afterwards ſeparated to take ſome repoſe, without my daring again to name the ſubject.

I went into his chamber, early on the following morning and was ſurpriſed not to find him there. I made enquiries among the domeſtics concerning him, and one of them informed me that *Otourou* had deſired him to ſay that he found himſelf indiſpoſed, and had gone out to endeavour to diſſipate his illneſs. I concluded that he went to

ſeek amuſement in viewing Paris, and that we ſhould ſee him return in the courſe of the day. While the ſervant ſpoke to me I heard a poſt-chaiſe arrive at the houſe. I looked out and ſaw *Ferdinand*. I ran to meet him, and threw myſelf into his friendly, faithful arms. I thought he appeared ſomewhat altered, but I attributed that to the fatigues of his voyage and journey. I eagerly interrogated him reſpecting the health of *Honoria*. Her indiſpoſition, ſaid he, is light; ſhe follows me by ſhort journeys; and I am without inquietude, as *Dumenil* accompanies her.

I now conducted him into my apartment, and he was in haſte to know *Otourou's* fate. I told him all that had happened, without the omiſſion of a circumſtance, for it is one of the enjoyments of happineſs to talk with our friends. My marriage contract, I added, waited only your preſence to be completed. Yes: I will ſign it, ſaid he. It is all that heaven permits me at preſent to do for your happineſs. I will dreſs; you ſhall preſent me to the Abbeſs; and, however preſſing my affairs may be, I will conſecrate this day entirely to you. But, ſaid I, looking earneſtly in his face, you muſt pardon my anxious friendſhip; you are no longer the ſame. You are ſorrowful. Let us, he replied, think only of your happineſs. My happineſs, returned I, is already infected if you no longer place any confidence in *Itanoko*. What would you know? ſaid *Ferdinand*. Shall an affectionate friend cover

with clouds the happieſt day of your life? If you are now ſilent, I cried, I ſhall believe this friend has ceaſed to be ſuch. Well, ſaid he, liſten; but, while I confide my troubles to you, I expect from you—not regret, but an example of courage. Afflict not yourſelf with a misfortune which I begin to regard with indifference. You have known the extent of my fortune. It is loſt. Oh heaven! I exclaimed. What do you tell me? My whole property, continued *Ferdinand*, was remitted to the banker, on whom I gave you a letter of credit; and at whoſe houſe you found *Dumont*. The firſt news that ſtruck my ears, on landing, was his bankruptcy; and I have nothing but his uſeleſs acceptance, which will never be paid ——"Does *Honoria* know it?"——"Yes: the dignity of her mind taught me to diſdain a loſs which, at firſt, I lamented. The wrecks of my fortune, the little ready money I have, added to the ſale of mine and *Honoria*'s jewels, will leave us yet a yearly income of ſix thouſand livres, and we ſhall live happily."——"Reduced from four hundred thouſand livres income to ſix thouſand: the fall is dreadful!"——"It is ſo, to people who found their happineſs on wealth; but not to thoſe who make it conſiſt in peace of mind."

I remained ſome time in a profound ſilence; but, finally, I ſprang from theſe reflections, and, though not free from anguiſh, yet was I at leaſt ſatisfied with my heart. You expect from me, ſaid I, an example of cou-

rage, and I will give it you. I ſcarcely feel your loſs. The loſs of a vile metal, which is too frequently the property of vice. Fortune cannot deprive you of your virtues, nor of the heart of your friends: and theſe are the only wealth of man. Dreſs: let us not change any thing in the preparations that are making to celebrate my union with *Amelia*.

Ferdinand preſſed my hand. Now, ſaid he, I behold my *Itanoko*. I ſee that firmneſs which I have ſo often admired. You flatter my glory by ſparing your conſolations. You have done juſtice to my heart.

He dreſſed himſelf with magnificence, leſs through inclination than to honour the nuptials of his friends, and his dreſs added to the natural graces of his perſon. We proceeded to the apartment in which I knew the abbeſs would be waiting for us. In fact, my friends were already aſſembled. Joy ſhone in every eye. Joy! ah! what would not a ſingle word from me have placed in its ſtead?—There are moments in which even virtue is painful.* I then felt it.

No one preſent knew *Ferdinand*. Ma-

* Never: *Itanoko* deceived himſelf. It was not his virtue that was painful. He ſecretly lamented *Ferdinand*'s loſs: this was his error, and this was his torture. Conſidering how the fortune had been gained, the loſs of it was no evil; and, through whatever channel it might have come to *Ferdinand*, it was not worth a thought T.

dam, faid I to the abbefs, permit me to prefent this gentleman to you. His name will be the beft title I can give him to your friendfhip. This, madam, is *Ferdinand*. Inftantly all furrounded him, all equally impatient to embrace him. Intereſting, inſtructive ſight! which too ſeldom meets the eyes of youth, or ſurely men would be otherwiſe. *Ferdinand*, in the midſt of ſtrangers, found a reception which too many look for in vain in the boſom of their own families. Such are the rights of a good man! Let him be named, and he finds friends.

The abbefs aſked me in a whiſper, when the marriage contract ſhould be brought for us to ſign. I requeſted that it might be at eight in the evening. I have yet, faid I, ſome trifling arrangements to make, and I ſhall requeſt your permiſſion to withdraw for a couple of hours after dinner. I ſpoke theſe laſt words that *Amelia* might hear them. I was deſirous ſhe ſhould be thus accidentally informed of my abſence, that ſhe might be without inquietude, and that ſhe ſhould ſpare me ſome queſtions which I ſhould have been at a loſs to anſwer.

But all this time *Otourou* did not appear. I informed our friends that he had gone out to amuſe himſelf, and his motive for it. Yet, though this explained the cauſe of his abſence, we could not repreſs our uneaſineſs.

As ſoon as dinner was removed, I aroſe from table, and ran to conſummate my ſacri-

fice: it was done. I returned to join my friends; and, whatever tranſient apprehenſions I might entertain of the future, my ſoul enjoyed the pureſt felicity.

I approached the abbeſs, to whiſper a requeſt in her ear; while I ſpoke, ſome one, who had ſtolen behind me, placed their hands over my eyes, and the whole company burſt into laughter. My dear *Itañoko*, ſaid the abbeſs, I am ſorry for you; but ſuch is the condition of our agreement.—You muſt name the perſon who holds you priſoner, or there is no marriage for you this day. I hope, madam, anſwered I, that *Amelia* is not a party to the agreement. Pardon me, ſaid ſhe—certainly ſo. Then, I replied, I divine the matter; *Amelia* knew that my heart would not deceive me; theſe are a lady's hands that cover my ſight, and there is but one wanting to complete our felicity: *Honoria* is the tyrant that holds me; I am ſure of it. I was not miſtaken, it was *Honoria*. Her impatience to join her huſband had ſubdued her indiſpoſition, and ſhe had proceeded poſt with *Dumenil*. Ah, my dear *Dumenil!* I ſaid, taking his hand—how much are we obliged to you! Recompenſe him then, ſaid *Dumont* to me, by loving him as your uncle. My uncle! I exclaimed. You remember, ſaid *Dumont*, my dear brother, of whom I often ſpoke to you during your childhood. You now ſee him. What a happy event! ſaid I, embracing them both.

I congratulated myſelf on ſeeing ſo many

perſons aſſembled, each of whom had conferred the greateſt benefactions on me; and I felt a ſecret pride as I ſaw the hour approach, in which I hoped to ſhew their friend was worthy of them.

A ſervant entered to inform me that the notary waited below. I requeſted permiſſion of the abbeſs to introduce him. When he came, I made him advance, and placed him at a table. He laid the parchment open before him, and was preparing to read. Come, ſaid I, theſe forms of law, among friends, are diſguſting. Here, every one knows my manner of thinking: and happily, we are all of one mind. A moment's delay would be to commit a robbery on my felicity. Let us ſign, and we will read it afterwards. *Itanoko* is right, ſaid the abbeſs: we will leave the reading of contracts to marriages of intereſt. I took the pen, and having executed the deed, preſented it to *Ferdinand*. He politely offered it to the abbeſs. Pardon me, I ſaid, I know all the reſpect which is due to a lady, but you muſt permit me to govern abſolutely during a few minutes. Having directed each of them to ſign as I thought proper, I took the deed, and ſaid to *Amelia* —Till this day, I flattered myſelf that I was in poſſeſſion of all which could make my *Amelia* happy. I have no longer any thing to offer you but my heart, and that is not ſufficient. Pardon me, that I have yielded to duties which appeared to me yet more ſacred than love. I read aſtoniſhment in your eyes, but my conduct ſhall never be in-

explicable to you. You see before you *Honoria* and *Ferdinand:* there was a time in which their benefactions constituted my glory; at present, it might become my shame. They had immense wealth; they possess it no longer. I will not become the accomplice of fortune, and (the insolent witness of their indigence) revel in their property with indifference. *Ferdinand*, if I had a right to dispose of my estate, I have sold it to you, and you have just signed the bargain. This is your title. I gave him the deed which had just been executed.

I would have retired for the present; my friends detained me. *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* embracing me, said—We will not accept of this gift. We have been surprised into the execution of the deed, and it is null: we recal our consent. Ah, *Itanoko*, have you thought of *Amelia?* Would you behold her death? You dishonour me! cried *Amelia*. Think not so of me! Then turning to me—never have I loved you more, *Itanoko*. Your loss, if I must lose you, is frightful to my heart. But I am worthy of you. For the world, would I not see you act otherwise, though I should never behold you again.

Ah! said *Ferdinand*, with grief—To whom then shall we have recourse? Too dear enemy! he continued, taking my hand—Force me not to hate you! The hatred of *Ferdinand!* think of it, *Itanoko! Ferdinand*, I replied, I know you: never will you hate a man of honour. And ah! said *Ferdinand*

—Do I not know that you can never love a man who has dishonoured himself——"But how dishonoured, *Ferdinand?*"——"By suffering myself thus to be vanquished."——Charming example of a sublime virtue, said *Dumenil.* One of you sacrificing an ardent, successful love, and the other, sacrificing wealth—to his honour! My young friends, you teach to each of us how delicious it is to produce the happiness of others. *Ferdinand*, accept the gift of *Itanoko:* and you shall do it without a blush. *Amelia*, give me your hand: I tender it to you, *Itanoko*, and I will add to it my fortune. Ah, great God, I cried—this felicity is too much for my heart!

Honoria and *Ferdinand* still defended themselves, and could not be persuaded to yield. During this time, *Dumont* had taken up the deed, and seemed to be looking on it with profound meditation. At length, he waved his hand for silence, and we all listened. Why said he, do I see on this deed the name of *de C—?* This gentleman is not, however, the *Theodore de C—* whose letter I have shewn to you, *Itanoko.* You have told me he was the son of M. *Urban.* It is true, I answered; and you must pardon my negligence. I ought to have presented him here by the name to which he is entitled: but the endearing habit of calling these my friends—*Honoria* and *Ferdinand*, has prevailed over ceremony. *Honoria* is the sister of *Theodore de C—*, who is no more; and her husband, when he received her hand,

took the name of *de C*— at the requeſt of her dying father. This gentleman then, ſaid *Dumont*, is the M. *de C*— who lately remitted his property to Europe. The ſame, replied *Ferdinand*. Then ſir, ſaid *Dumont*, your fortune is entire.

Let the effect of theſe words be imagined, if it be poſſible to imagine ſuch extreme aſtoniſhment and joy as they produced. Delightful ſcene! though my pencil would obſcure with its cold colours, thy glowing flame, yet can I ſtill enter into my heart, and view thee there in all thy brightneſs!

Ferdinand availed himſelf of the calm which inevitably ſucceeds to ſuch moments, to enquire into a myſtery which he could not comprehend. By what happy chance, ſaid he to *Dumont*, am I indebted to you for this ſignal benefaction? You owe it chiefly, anſwered *Dumont*, to gratitude, though miſtaken in its application; but God judged my intention—that was pure; and, as my reward, he has directed the effect to the worthieſt object.

It is about ſix months, continued *Dumont*, ſince I entered into my employment with this banker. He fought for a caſhier, and I preſented myſelf to him; ſixty thouſand francs, the ſole remains of the wealth which had been given by the two African ſovereigns, became ſecurity for me; he accepted my offer, and my ſmall fortune was ſunk into his capital. I entered on my duty, and

four months paſſed without my perceiving any alteration in his affairs. Two months ſince, things began to aſſume another appearance. He collected conſiderable ſums, and which I knew much exceeded the engagements he had to fulfil. One day he cauſed theſe to be removed from his bank. I imagined this was to ſuit ſome purpoſe of ſpeculation, and it gave me no uneaſineſs. However, the firſt ſucceeding payment was made by a loan; and, afterwards, all demands on his bank (which have been diſcharged) were ſettled by the ſame means; while the returns have diſappeared, as the former fund, without any apparent employ. A caſhier is not to be impoſed upon for any length of time; and I explained my fears to the banker. He amuſed me during ſix months longer with artful excuſes; but ſoon it was almoſt impoſſible for me to doubt his unworthy deſigns; and I found myſelf reduced to the unhappy alternative of loſing my ſmall fortune, and ſuffering him to deceive thoſe who confided in him, or of becoming his accuſer, and perhaps when he ſhould yet be innocent. This latter part was ſo ſtrongly repugnant to my feelings, that I choſe rather to ſacrifice my little property; yet, I reſolved to prevent the extenſion of the evil, and to preſerve myſelf free from all ſuſpicion of any connivance with him. Fourteen days ago I made up the account of the payments for the enſuing day, which amounted to three hundred and forty thouſand livres. This I carried to him. He ſigned it and returned it to me. You know, ſaid I,

that I have only twelve hundred franks in bank. I know it, he anſwered me, and it is my affair. He went out; and was, as uſual, at the 'Change. At three the letters of the houſe were delivered to me. Among others, was a letter from a celebrated commercial houſe at Nantz, the ſubſtance of which was, that their partners at Cape Francoiſe (in the iſland of St. Domingo) had received ſix millions of livres from a gentleman whoſe name was *de C—*, who was coming into France to reſide, and who had given them an order to remit it to our banking houſe. They incloſed drafts to the amount of four millions, which was all they could procure, and ſaid they would ſend the remainder by the firſt opportunity.

In the name of *de C—*, I recogniſed that of the young man who had rendered me what I then deemed an important ſervice; and my firſt wiſh was to ſave the fortune of my benefactor. Yet, with every appearance againſt the integrity of my employer, I might be ignorant of his funds and his commercial dealings; and I might be the ruin of a man who deſerved otherwiſe, and whoſe only fault might be the failing to place his confidence in me. After conſiderable heſitation, however, I reſolved to withhold this letter, and to obſerve the effect it would produce on the banker. I acted accordingly, and he did not teſtify any ſurpriſe or inquietude; as if he had other advice of this tranſaction. In the courſe of the day, he had turned ſome bills of ex-

change into cash; and, in the evening, I remarked several circumstances in the house, which no longer left any doubt in my mind that he prepared for his departure. I resolved to set off at midnight for Nantz, in order to anticipate the courier, that would, doubtless, carry the news of this bankruptcy. I felt however, anxious as I was to save the fortune of M. *de C*—, that my own security and my duty to the creditors of my employer made it necessary for me to take some previous steps. I was about to run to the first consul, when one of the clerks of our house came to inform me, with the greatest alarm, of the banker's flight. I hastened to the consul, related the whole affair, the conduct which I had pursued during the day, and my present design. He approved of the whole; and, my horses being ready, I departed for Nantz. I arrived there eight hours before the news of the bankruptcy; and you will conceive the joy of the house which, had I not saved them, would have been compelled to have stopped payment. They gave me an acknowledgment, duly executed, that the property of M. *de C*— was in their hands, with a promise to pay it to his order. Here is the deed, and I am proud to be the instrument of saving the fortune of a worthy man, and of displaying the elevated feelings of *Itanoko*.

Our sensations will never be appreciated but by the good. We experienced all the delights which the success of virtue gives to

thoſe who are the lovers of virtue. In fact, there was not one amongſt us whoſe virtues had not, by a wonderful ſucceſſion of events, forwarded the happineſs of thoſe who ſurrounded him.

Who can calculate, to its utmoſt extent, the progreſſive impulſe which a ſingle worthy act may produce on the world? It is the hand which drops a ſtone on the tranquil ſurface of the ſea: circles ſwiftly ſucceed each other, till they have enlarged themſelves beyond the bounds of ſight! Auguſt idea! The virtuous man becomes, even unknown to himſelf, the benefactor of the univerſe!

On this happy day was I united to *Amelia*. We received the nuptial benediction from the Abbe *de S***; and heaven heard vows which we have never violated.

Still we wanted *Otourou*, and now each of us became apprehenſive of ſome misfortune. A ſervant entered, and delivered a letter to me. It was from *Otourou*. I opened it eagerly. All anxiouſly watched my looks, and I ran through it with equal rapidity, emotion, aſtoniſhment! Theſe were the words:

"I leave you. America will ſee me return. I ſhall embrace my father, *Bruno*, and our negroes. They will make me welcome, and I ſhall inform them of your happineſs. You will ſay, why am I not the

witneſs of it? Ah, *Itanoko*, this is the greateſt ſorrow of my life! But nature condemns me to endure it. What man can ſupport an injury without taking vengeance? *Dumont* has ſuſpected me: the death of *Dumont* would delight my vengeance: but I ſee the tears of his daughter, your tears; I hear the name of father, which you, at preſent, laviſh on him; and all that is ſacred to me. No: never, *Itanoko*, could I do more for you, for his daughter, for himſelf; than fly from you. He ſuſpected me: yet he might have done otherwiſe. The effort was not impoſſible. I thought I knew him by experience; and while abandoned by him, without aid, without counſel, without conſolation, I languiſhed in irons, which my defence of his daughter had laid upon me; nothing ſuggeſted to me his ingratitude.—Every thing accuſed him: I alone juſtified him. Had he no reaſon to juſtify me? Yet there have exiſted men who have received from him the right of pronouncing with diſdain the name of *Otourou*! I received this name in my cradle. It was my only property. I preſerved it pure, and he has dared to ſtain it. Oh, fury! Thank heaven, *Dumont*, that it does not, at this moment, offer you to my wrath!

But what do I ſay? Let the victory be complete. Let me ſpeak that terrible word —that word from which my frame ſhrinks. Oh, nature! cloſe your eyes while I write it ——I pardon him. It is written: yes, it ſhall not be effaced. But, ah! indulge me with a moment's pauſe!

Adieu! Yield to no inquietude reſpecting me. Thanks to your beneficence, I have money. You gave me two hundred louis d'ors, and I poſſeſs them entire. Vincennes coſt me nothing. I ſhall be far from you when you ſhall receive my letter. I charge you make no attempt to purſue me. I ſhould then ſee *Dumont*, and my wound would bleed afreſh. One day I ſhall embrace you again. Ah, God! if I muſt die without ſeeing you more——But let us chaſe this idea: it is terrifying. I know you, and you will wiſh, once again, to receive the benedictions of your negroes.

At nine in the morning, on the 15th day of October.

Otourou."

I feel that his ſentence is juſt, cried *Dumont*. I have outraged innocence, and it is a true crime. It is my duty to purſue him, to fall at his feet, and to obtain his pardon.

He would have departed: and it required all the aſcendency which I had over him to withdraw him from this reſolution. I knew *Otourou*, and ſaw that it would be better to leave to time to abate the bitterneſs of his reſentment. I did not fear but the arguments of *Bruno* would make an impreſſion on him; and I informed the good old man, by a letter, which I diſpatched inſtantly, of all that had happened.

I had fortunately judged truly of the

event. *Dumont* and *Otourou* saw each other some years after. The natural goodness of *Otourou*'s heart had finally prevailed. He felt that nature has rights which silence all others; and that the deed, which would have been an injury under any other circumstance, was a duty—taking its source as it did in paternal affection. The interview was interesting. *Dumont*, already bending beneath age, advanced with a trembling pace, which timidity rendered still more slow and feeble. *Otourou* had premeditated to preserve all the dignity of a man who pardons an outrage: his first look betrayed that design. He had no power to sustain a part which opposed his humanity, opposed his ancient friendship. Tears rolled down his cheeks: he opened his arms: he ran: he had not even resolution to embrace *Dumont:* he fell at his feet.

The departure of *Otourou* was the last stroke of adversity which I experienced; and my days have since passed without a cloud. *Honoria*, *Ferdinand*, *Dumenil*, *Dumont*, my dear *Amelia* and I, have made but one family, but one heart. *Dumont* thought it his duty, before he laid himself down in his tomb to rest, to account (as he had promised) to *Siratik* and *Damel* for their benefactions. The latter had terminated his career in a new war; the sorrowful fruit of his ambition. But my uncle still sustained, with an arm almost yielding to age, a sceptre honoured by his virtues. He sent me his last farewell, accompanied by treasures which the pleasure of relieving misfortune have rendered dear to me.

Otourou had prophesied truly, when he said I should again see my countrymen employed in my plantation. I flew to pay them one more visit; and to offer to *Bruno* the last tribute of my affection. It seemed that this venerable old man waited only for my presence to sleep in peace in the bosom of eternity. He gave me his benediction; and, with it, the last, the greatest lesson in his power; the spectacle of a just man's death.

I found my countrymen happy. The remembrance of slavery was almost effaced from their minds. Alternate labour, and innocent pleasures had united them; and liberty had unfolded their virtues. They were no longer wretched, abandoned creatures, but a numerous family bound together by the same inclination, the same object. It was not without regret that I saw myself compelled to dissolve this peaceable republic: but their interest prescribed the law to me. The good *Osmyn* was dead; I wished to conduct *Otourou* back to Europe; and I loved my poor friends too well to entrust their happiness with any one whose virtues I did not know, and who, relying on my distance from them, might render them unhappy. Sufficiently enriched by the benefactions of my uncle to make the sacrifices which my heart approved; I assembled them: I gave them my last blessing, and conveyed them to their country. I then sold the plantation: It was in a flourishing condition; yet, deprived of negroes, I could

obtain only a small price for it—but I could not expect a double price, and I obtained that which flattered my ambition, the happiness of unfortunate men.

Nature, love, and friendship, called me back to Europe. There, in the bosom of the gentlest passions, I proceed without fear and without regret to old age; surrounded by my children, my wife, my friends. Instructed, by misfortune, to value the satisfaction which arises from circumstances only as it contributes to purer felicity, I wait in peace for the approach of him from whom the man who cherishes virtue would not fly for a moment. And, thanks to my God, death will find me without prejudices. Born a negro, I have loved Europeans. May they imitate me. May they feel that the most detestable of all prejudices, the prejudice that most retards virtue in its progress, is the absurd opinion which separates man from man, and cuts off entire nations from the esteem of other nations.

Oh, Europeans! if you were suddenly endowed with that eternal sight which, with a glance, embraces all time and space, you would be terrified with a view of the enormous mass of crimes with which your prejudices against negroes have weighed down Europe—almost beyond the reach of virtue! You would tremble to behold the immensity of virtues which you have destroyed in the seed, and which but for you would have produced the happiness of negroes—your own happiness! Ah, hasten

ney by doing nothing. This hair-dreſſer, then, is followed by four negroes. One of theſe combs out your hair; a ſecond, fills it with powder and pomatum; a third, puts it in papers; and the fourth, finiſhes the buſineſs. During this operation, the ſuperb hair-dreſſer, in a habit of ſilk, his hat under his arm, a ſword dangling at his heel, and his cane banging at his wriſt, preſides over the important ceremony. The leaſt inattention, the leaſt aukwardneſs, in any of his negroes, is followed by a blow on the cheek, which often lays him, on the ground. If ſo, the negro humbly riſes again, and continues his work. He, whoſe head is dreſſed at ſuch a price, is to be pitied!

Let us remark here that *Itanoko* has ſaid—the negroes equal the Europeans in addreſs. Viſit the American iſlands, and you ſhall be convinced of it. There the negroes do every thing. Arts, trades, are entirely in their hands. With ſuch facility to conceive, ſuch aptitude to learn, nothing is wanting but the nurture of liberty fully to develope their genius.

The miſſionaries repreſent the negroes as ſtupid, as not being able to reckon beyond three; and the inſtant after, paint them to us as eloquent. Stupid! eloquent! Strange mixture! But into ſuch errors muſt men fall when they write only to make books, and travel only to liſten to prejudices. Yes: doubtleſs, they are eloquent: and natural eloquence is the firſt ſpark of genius. Hear a negro

expreſs his attachment to you; defend himſelf from a falſe imputation; recount an event which intereſts him; then ſpeak of his eloquence! And why ſhould they not be eloquent? They poſſeſs the three firſt qualities of oratory: ſenſibility, memory, and and the power of perſuaſion. Inſtructed and free, they would have their *Ciceros*.

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.

By PHILLIS WHEATLEY,

NEGRO SERVANT to MR. JOHN WHEATLEY,

of BOSTON, in NEW-ENGLAND.

DEDICATED TO

The Countess of Huntingdon.

PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM W. WOODWARD,

Nº. 17, CHESNUT STREET.

1801.

Preface.

THE following POEMS *were written originally for the amusement of the Author, as they were the products of her leisure moments. She had no intention ever to have published them; nor would they now have made their appearance, but at the importunity of many of her best and most generous friends; to whom she considers herself, as under the greatest obligations.*

As her attempts in poetry are now sent into the world, it is hoped the critic will not severely censure their defects; and we presume they have too much merit to be cast aside with contempt, as worthless and trifling effusions.

As to the disadvantages she has laboured under, with regard to learning, nothing needs to be offered, as her master's letter in the following page will sufficiently shew the difficulties in this respect she had to encounter.

With all their imperfections, the poems are now humbly submitted to the perusal of the public.

Advertisement.

The following is a copy of a Letter sent by the Author's Master to the publisher.

PHILLIS was brought from *Africa* to *America*, in the year 1761, between ſeven and eight years of age. Without any aſſiſtance from ſchool education, and by only what ſhe was taught in the family, ſhe, in ſixteen months time from her arrival, attained the Engliſh language, to which ſhe was an utter ſtranger before, to ſuch a degree, as to read any, the moſt difficult parts of the Sacred Writings, to the great aſtoniſhment of all who heard her.

As to her writing, her own curioſity led her to it; and this ſhe learnt in ſo ſhort a time, that in the year 1765, ſhe wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Occom, the *Indian* miniſter, while in *England*.

She has a great inclination to learn the Latin tongue, and has made ſome progreſs in it. This relation is given by her maſter who bought her, and with whom ſhe now lives.

JOHN WHEATLEY.

Boston, Nov. 14, 1772.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AS it has been repeatedly ſuggeſted to the publiſher, by perſons, who have ſeen the manuſcript, that numbers would be ready to ſuſpect they were not really the writings of PHILLIS, he has procured the following atteſtation, from the moſt reſpectable characters in *Boston*, that none might have the leaſt ground for diſputing their *Original*.

We whoſe Names are under-written, do aſſure the World, that the POEMS ſpecified in the following page,* were (as we verily believe) written by PHILLIS, a young Negro Girl, who was but a few Years ſince, brought an uncultivated Barbarian from *Africa*, and has ever ſince been, and now is, under the diſadvantage of ſerving as a Slave in a family in this town. She has been examined by ſome of the beſt judges, and is thought qualified to write them.

His Excellency THOMAS HUTCHINSON, *Governor*,

The Hon. ANDREW OLIVER, *Lieutenant-Governor*.

Hon. Thomas Hubbard,
Hon. John Erving,
Hon. James Pitts,
Hon. Harriſon Gray,
Hon. James Bowdoin,
John Hancock, *Eſq.*
Joſeph Green, *Eſq.*
Richard Cary, *Eſq.*
Rev. Charles Chauncy,
Rev. Mather Byles,
Rev. Ed. Pemberton,
Rev. Andrew Elliot,
Rev. Samuel Cooper,
Rev. Samuel Mather,
Rev. John Moorhead,
Mr. John Wheatly, *her Maſter*.

* *The Words* "following page," *allude to the Contents of the Manuſcript copy, which are wrote at the back of the above atteſtation.*

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

To MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, you, beneath the myrtle ſhade,
Read o'er what poets ſung, and ſhepherds play'd.
What felt thoſe poets but you feel the ſame?
Does not your ſoul poſſeſs the ſacred flame?
Their noble ſtrains your equal genius ſhares
In ſofter language, and diviner airs.

While *Homer* paints lo! circumfus'd in air,
Celeſtial Gods in mortal forms appear;
Swift as they move hear each receſs rebound,
Heav'n quakes, earth trembles, and the ſhores reſound.
Great Sire of verſe, before my mortal eyes,
The lightnings blaze acroſs the vaulted ſkies,
And, as the thunder ſhakes the heav'nly plains,
A deep felt horror thrills through all my veins.
When gentler ſtrains demand thy graceful ſong,
The length'ning line moves languiſhing along.
When great *Patroclus* courts *Achilles'* aid,

The grateful tribute of my tears is paid;
Prone on the shore he feels the pangs of love,
And stern *Pelides* tendrest passions move.

Great *Maro*'s strain in heav'nly numbers flows,
The *Nine* inspire, and all the bosom glows.
O could I rival thine and *Virgil*'s page,
Or claim the *Muses* with the *Mantuan* Sage;
Soon the same beauties should my mind adorn,
And the same ardors in my soul should burn:
Then should my song in bolder notes arise,
And all my numbers pleasingly surprise;
But here I sit, and mourn a grov'ling mind,
That fain would mount, and ride upon the wind.

Not you, my friend, these plaintive strains become,
Not you, whose bosom is the *Muses* home;
When they from tow'ring *Helicon* retire,
They fan in you the bright immortal fire,
But I less happy, cannot raise the song,
The fault'ring music dies upon my tongue.

The happier *Terence** all the choir inspir'd,
His soul repleniſh'd, and his bosom fir'd;
But say, ye *Muses*, why this partial grace,
To one alone of *Afric*'s sable race;
From age to age transmitting thus his name
With the first glory in the rolls of fame?

Thy virtues, great *Mæcenas!* shall be sung
In praise of him, from whom those virtues sprung;
While blooming wreaths around thy temples spread.
I'll snatch a laurel from thine honour'd head,
While you indulgent smile upon the deed.

* *He was an* African *by birth.*

As long as *Thames* in ſtreams majeſtic flows,
Or *Naiads* in their oozy beds repoſe,
While *Phœbus* reigns above the ſtarry train
While bright *Aurora* purples o'er the main,
So long, great Sir, the muſe thy praiſe ſhall ſing,
So long thy praiſe ſhall make *Parnassus* ring:
Then grant, *Mœcenas*, thy paternal rays,
Hear me propitious, and defend my lays.

On VIRTUE.

O Thou bright jewel in my aim I ſtrive
To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare
Wiſdom is higher than a fool can reach.
I ceaſe to wonder, and no more attempt
Thine height t' explore, or fathom thy profound.
But, O my ſoul, ſink not into deſpair,
Virtue is near thee, and with gentle hand
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thine head.
Fain would the heav'n-born ſoul with her converſe,
Then ſeek, then court her for her promis'd bliſs.

Auſpicious queen, thine heav'nly pinions ſpread,
And lead celeſtial *Chastity* along;
Lo! now her ſacred retinue deſcends,
Array'd in glory from the orbs above.
Attend me, *Virtue*, thro' my youthful years!
O leave me not to the falſe joys of time!
But guide my ſteps to endleſs life and bliſs.
Greatness, or *Goodness*, ſay what I ſhall call thee,
To give an higher appellation ſtill,
Teach me a better ſtrain, a nobler lay,
O thou, enthron'd with Cherubs in the realms of day!

To the UNIVERSITY *of* CAMBRIDGE, *in* NEW-ENGLAND.

WHILE an intrinsic ardor prompts to write,
The muses promise to assist my pen;
'Twas not long since I left my native shore
The land of errors, and *Egyptian* gloom:
Father of mercy, 'twas thy gracious hand
Brought me in safety from those dark abodes.

Students to you 'tis giv'n to scan the heights
Above, to traverse the etherial space,
And mark the systems of revolving worlds.
Still more, ye sons of science ye receive
The blissful news by messengers from heav'n,
How *Jesus'* blood for your redemption flows.
See him with hands out-stretcht upon the cross;
Immense compassion in his bosom glows;
He hears revilers, nor resents their scorn:
What matchless mercy in the Son of God!
When the whole human race by sin had fall'n,
He deign'd to die that they might rise again,
And share with him in the sublimest skies,
Life without death, and glory without end.

Improve your privileges while they stay,
Ye pupils, and each hour redeem, that bears
Or good or bad report of you to heav'n.
Let sin, that baneful evil to the soul,
By you be shunn'd, nor once remit your guard;
Suppress the deadly serpent in its egg.
Ye blooming plants of human race divine,
An *Ethiop* tells you 'tis your greatest foe;
Its transient sweetness turns to endless pain,
And as immense perdition sinks the soul.

On being brought from AFRICA *to* AMERICA.

'TWAS mercy brought me from my *Pagan* land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a *Saviour* too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
"Their colour is a diabolic die."
Remember, *Christians*, *Negroes*, black as *Cain*,
May be refin'd, and join th'angelic train.

On the Death of the Rev. Dr. SEWELL, 1769.

ERE yet the morn its loveliest blushes spread,
See *Sewell* number'd with the happy dead.
Hail, holy man, arriv'd th' immortal shore,
Though we shall hear thy warning voice no more.
Come, let us all behold with wishful eyes
The saint ascending to his native skies;
From hence the prophet wing'd his rapt'rous way
To the blest mansions in eternal day.
Then begging for the Spirit of our God,
And panting eager for the same abode,
Come, let us all with the same vigour rise,
And take a prospect of the blissful skies;
While on our minds *Christ*'s image is impress,
And the dear Saviour glows in ev'ry breast.
Thrice happy saint! to find thy heav'n at last,
What compensation for the evils past!

Great God, incomprehensible, unknown
By sense, we bow at thine exalted throne.
O, while we beg thine excellence to feel,
Thy sacred Spirit to our hearts reveal,

And give us of that mercy to partake,
Which thou hast promis'd for the *Saviour*'s sake!

" *Sewell* is dead." Swift-pinion'd *Fame* thus cry'd.
" Is *Sewell* dead," my trembling tongue reply'd,
O what a blessing in his flight deny'd!
How oft for us the holy prophet pray'd!
How oft to us the Word of Life convey'd!
By duty urg'd my mournful verse to close,
I for his tomb this epitaph compose.

" Lo, here a Man, redeem'd by *Jesus*' blood,
" A sinner once, but now a saint with God;
" Behold ye rich, ye poor, ye fools, ye wise,
" Nor let his monument your heart surprise;
" 'Twill tell you what this holy man has done,
" Which gives him brighter lustre than the sun.
" Listen, ye happy, from your seats above.
" I speak sincerely, while I speak and love,
" He sought the paths of piety and truth,
" By these made happy from his early youth;
" In blooming years that grace divine he felt,
" Which rescues sinners from the chains of guilt.
" Mourn him, ye indigent, whom he has fed,
" And henceforth seek, like him, for living bread;
" Ev'n *Christ*, the bread descending from above,
" And ask an int'rest in his saving love.
" Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told
" God's gracious wonders from the times of old.
" I, too have cause this mighty loss to mourn,
" For he my monitor will not return.
" O when shall we to his blest state arrive?
" When the same graces in our bosoms thrive."

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD. 1770.

HAIL, happy saint, on thine immortal throne,
Poſſeſt of glory, life, and bliſs unknown;
We hear no more the muſic of thy tongue,
Thy wonted auditories ceaſe to throng.
Thy ſermons in unequall'd accents flow'd,
And ev'ry boſom with devotion glow'd;
Thou didſt in ſtrains of eloquence refin'd
Inflame the heart, and captivate the mind.
Unhappy we the ſetting ſun deplore,
So glorious once, but ah! it ſhines no more.

Behold the prophet in his tow'ring flight!
He leaves the earth for heav'n's unmeaſur'd height,
And worlds unknown receive him from our ſight.
There *Whitefield* wings with rapid courſe his way,
And ſails to *Zion* through vaſt ſeas of day.
Thy pray'rs, great ſaint, and thine inceſſant cries
Have pierc'd the boſom of thy native ſkies.
Thou moon haſt ſeen, and all the ſtars of light,
How he has wreſtled with his God by night.
He pray'd that grace in ev'ry heart might dwell,
He long'd to ſee *America* excel;
He charg'd its youth that ev'ry grace divine
Should with full luſtre in their conduct ſhine;
That Saviour, which his ſoul did firſt receive,
The greateſt gift that ev'n a God can give,
He freely offer'd to the num'rous throng,
That on his lips with liſt'ning pleaſure hung.

"Take him, ye wretched, for your only good,
"Take him ye ſtarving ſinners, for your food;
"Ye thirſty, come to this life-giving ſtream,
"Ye preachers, take him for your joyful theme;

" Take him my dear *Americans*, he said,
" Be your complaints on his kind bosom laid:
" Take him, ye *Africans*, he longs for you,
" *Impartial Saviour* is his title due:
" Wash'd in the fountain of redeeming blood,
" You shall be sons, and kings, and priests to God."

Great *Countess*,* we *Americans* revere
Thy name, and mingle in thy grief sincere;
New-England deeply feels, the *Orphans* mourn,
Their more than father will no more return.

But, though arrested by the hand of death,
Whitefield no more exerts his lab'ring breath,
Yet let us view him in th' eternal skies,
Let ev'ry heart to this bright vision rise;
While the tomb safe retains its sacred trust,
Till life divine re-animates his dust.

On the Death of a Young Lady of Five years of age.

FROM dark abodes to fair etherial light
Th' enraptured innocent has wing'd her flight;
On the kind bosom of eternal love
She finds unknown beatitude above.
This known, ye parents, nor her loss deplore,
She feels the iron hand of pain no more;
The dispensations of unerring grace,
Should turn your sorrows into grateful praise;
Let then no tears for her henceforward flow,
No more distress'd in our dark vale below.

* *The Countess of* Huntingdon, *to whom Mr.* Whitefield *was Chaplain.*

Her morning sun which rose divinely bright,
Was quickly mantled with the gloom of night;
But hear in heav'n's blest bow'rs your *Nancy* fair,
And learn to imitate her language there.
"Thou, Lord, whom I behold with glory crown'd,
"By what sweet name, and in what tuneful sound
"Wilt thou be prais'd? Seraphic pow'rs are faint
"Infinite love and majesty to paint.
"To thee let all their grateful voices raise,
"And saints and angels join their songs of praise."

Perfect in bliss she from her heav'nly home
Looks down, and smiling beckons you to come;
Why then, fond parents, why these fruitless groans?
Restrain your tears, and cease your plaintive moans.
Freed from a world of sin, and snares, and pain,
Why would you wish your daughter back again?
No—bow resign'd. Let hope your grief control,
And check the rising tumult of the soul.
Calm in the prosperous, and adverse day,
Adore the God who gives and takes away;
Eye him in all, his holy name revere,
Upright your actions, and your hearts sincere,
Till having sail'd through life's tempestuous sea,
And from its rocks, and boist'rous billows free,
Yourselves, safe landed on the blissful shore,
Shall join your happy babe to part no more.

On the Death of a young Gentleman.

WHO taught thee conflict with the pow'rs of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown,
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!

War with each princedom, throne, and pow'r is o'er,
The ſcene is ended to return no more.
O could my muſe thy ſeat on high behold,
How deck'd with laurel, how enrich'd with gold!
O could ſhe hear what praiſe thine harp employs,
How ſweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys!
What heav'nly grandeur ſhould exalt her ſtrain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To ſooth the troubles of the mind to peace,
To ſtill the tumult of life's toſſing ſeas,
To eaſe the anguiſh of the parents heart,
What ſhall my ſympathizing verſe impart?
Where is the balm to heal ſo deep a wound?
Where ſhall a ſov'reign remedy be found?
Look, gracious Spirit, from thine heav'nly bow'r,
And thy full joys into their boſoms pour;
The raging tempeſt of their grief control,
And ſpread the dawn of glory through the ſoul,
To eye the path the ſaint departed trod,
And trace him to the boſom of his God.

To a Lady on the Death of her Husband.

GRIM monarch! ſee, depriv'd of vital breath,
A young phyſician in the duſt of death:
Doſt thou go on inceſſant to deſtroy,
Our griefs to double, and lay waſte our joy?
Enough thou never yet waſt known to ſay,
Though millions die, the vaſſals of thy ſway:
Nor youth, nor ſcience, nor the ties of love,
Nor ought on earth thy flinty heart can move.
The friend, the ſpouſe from his dire dart to ſave,
In vain we aſk the ſovereign of the grave.
Fair mourner, there ſee thy lov'd *Leonard* laid,
And o'er him ſpread the deep impervious ſhade;

Clos'd are his eyes, and heavy fetters keep
His senses bound in never-waking sleep,
Till time shall cease, till many a starry world
Shall fall from heav'n, in dire confusion hurl'd,
Till nature in her final wreck shall lie,
And her last groan shall rend the azure sky:
Not, not till then his active soul shall claim
His body, a divine immortal frame.

But see the softly-stealing tears apace
Pursue each other down the mourner's face;
But cease thy tears, bid ev'ry sigh depart,
And cast the load of anguish from thine heart:
From the cold shell of his great soul arise,
And look beyond, thou native of the skies;
There fix thy view, where fleeter than the wind
Thy *Leonard* mounts, and leaves the earth behind.
Thyself prepare to pass the vale of night
To join for ever on the hills of light:
To thine embrace his joyful spirit moves
To thee, the partner of his earthly loves;
He welcomes thee to pleasures more refin'd,
And better suited to th' immortal mind.

GOLIAH OF GATH.

1 *Sam. chap. xvii.*

YE martial pow'rs, and all ye tuneful nine,
Inspire my song, and aid my high design.
The dreadful scenes and toils of war I write,
The ardent warriors, and the fields of fight:
You best remember, and you best can sing
The acts of heroes to the vocal string:
Resume the lays with which your sacred lyre,
Did then the poet and the sage inspire.

Now front to front the armies were diſplay'd,
Here *Israel* rang'd, and there the foes array'd;
The hoſts on two oppoſing mountains ſtood,
Thick as the foliage of the waving wood;
Between them an extenſive valley lay,
O'er which the gleaming armour pour'd the day,
When from the camp of the *Philiſtine* foes,
Dreadful to view, a mighty warrior roſe;
In the dire deeds of bleeding battle ſkill'd,
The monſter ſtalks the terror of the field.
From *Gath* he ſprung, *Goliath* was his name,
Of fierce deportment, and gigantic frame:
A brazen helmet on his head was plac'd,
A coat of mail his form terrific grac'd,
The greaves his legs, the targe his ſhoulders preſt;
Dreadful in arms high-tow'ring o'er the reſt
A ſpear he proudly wav'd, whoſe iron head,
Strange to relate, ſix hundred ſhekels weigh'd;
He ſtrode along, and ſhook the ample field,
While *Phœbus* blaz'd refulgent on his ſhield:
Through *Jacob*'s race a chilling horror ran,
When thus the huge, enormous chief began:

"Say, what the cauſe that in this proud array
"You ſet your battle in the face of day?
"One hero find in all your vaunting train,
"Then ſee who loſes, and who wins the plain;
"For he who wins, in triumph may demand
"Perpetual ſervice from the vanquiſh'd land:
"Your armies I defy, your force deſpiſe,
"By far inferior in *Philiſtia*'s eyes:
"Produce a man, and let us try the fight,
"Decide the conteſt, and the victor's right."

Thus challeng'd he: all *Israel* ſtood amaz'd,
And ev'ry chief in conſternation gaz'd;
But *Jeſſe*'s ſon in youthful bloom appears,
And warlike courage far beyond his years:

He left the folds, he left the flow'ry meads,
And ſoft receſſes of the ſylvan ſhades.
Now *Israel*'s monarch, and his troops ariſe,
With peals of ſhouts aſcending to the ſkies;
In *Elah*'s vale the ſcene of combat lies.

When the fair morning bluſh'd with orient red,
What *David*'s ſire enjoin'd the ſon obey'd,
And ſwift of foot towards the trench he came,
Where glow'd each boſom with the martial flame.
He leaves his carriage to another's care,
And runs to greet his brethren of the war.
While yet they ſpake the giant chief aroſe,
Repeats the challenge, and inſults his foes:
Struck with the ſound, and trembling at the view,
Affrighted *Israel* from its poſt withdrew.
" Obſerve ye this tremendous foe, they cry'd,
" Who in proud vaunts our armies hath defy'd:
" Whoever lays him proſtrate on the plain,
" Freedom in *Israel* for his houſe ſhall gain;
" And on him wealth unknown the king will pour,
" And give his royal daughter for his dow'r."

Then *Jeſſe*'s youngeſt hope: " My brethren " ſay,
" What ſhall be done for him who takes away
" Reproach from *Jacob*, who deſtroys the chief,
" And puts a period to his country's grief.
" He vaunts the honours of his arms abroad,
" And ſcorns the armies of the living God."

Thus ſpoke the youth, th' attentive people ey'd
The wond'rous hero, and again reply'd:
" Such the rewards our monarch will beſtow,
" On him who conquers, and deſtroys his foe."

Eliab heard, and kindled into ire
To hear his ſhepherd brother thus inquire,
And thus begun: " What errand brought thee?
" ſay
" Who keeps thy flock? or does it go aſtray?
" I know the baſe ambition of thine heart,
" But back in ſafety from the field depart."

Eliab thus to *Jeſſe*'s youngeſt heir,
Expreſs'd his wrath in accents moſt ſevere.
When to his brother mildly he reply'd,
" What have I done? or what the cauſe to
" chide?"

The words were told before the king, who ſent
For the young hero to his royal tent:
Before the monarch dauntleſs he began,
" For this *Philiſtine* fail no heart of man:
" I'll take the vale, and with the giant fight:
" I dread not all his boaſts, nor all his might."
When thus the king: " Dar'ſt thou a ſtripling go,
" And venture combat with ſo great a foe?
" Who all his days has been inur'd to fight,
" And made its deeds his ſtudy and delight:
" Battles and bloodſhed brought the monſter forth,
" And clouds and whirlwinds uſher'd in his birth."
When *David* thus: " I kept the fleecy care,
" And out there ruſh'd a lion and a bear;
" A tender lamb the hungry lion took,
" And with no other weapon than my crook
" Bold I purſu'd and chas'd him o'er the field,
" The prey deliver'd, and the felon kill'd:
" As thus the lion and the bear I ſlew,
" So ſhall *Goliath* fall, and all his crew:
" The God, who ſav'd me from theſe beaſts of
" prey,
" By me this monſter in the duſt ſhall lay."

So *David* spoke. The wond'ring king reply'd
" Go thou with heav'n and victory on thy side:
" This coat of mail, this sword gird on," he said,
And plac'd a mighty helmet on his head:
The coat, the sword, the helm he laid aside,
Nor chose to venture with those arms untry'd,
Then took his staff, and to the neighb'ring brook
Instant he ran, and thence five pebbles took.
Mean time descended to *Philistia*'s son
A radiant cherub, and he thus begun:
" *Goliath*, well thou know'st thou hast defy'd
" Yon Hebrew armies, and their God deny'd:
" Rebellious wretch! audacious worm! forbear,
" Nor tempt the vengeance of their God too far:
" Them, who with his omnipotence contend,
" No eye shall pity, and no arm defend:
" Proud as thou art, in short liv'd glory great,
" I come to tell thee thine approaching fate.
" Regard my words. The Judge of all the gods,
" Beneath whose steps the tow'ring mountain nods,
" Will give thine armies to the savage brood,
" That eat the liquid air, or range the wood.
" Thee too a well-aim'd pebble shall destroy,
" And thou shalt perish by a beardless boy:
" Such is the mandate from the realms above,
" And should I try the vengeance to remove,
" Myself a rebel to my king would prove.
" *Goliath* say, shall grace to him be shown,
" Who dares heav'ns monarch, and insults his throne?"

" Your words are lost on me," the giant cries,
While fear and wrath contended in his eyes,
When thus the messenger from heav'n replies:
" Provoke no more *Jehovah*'s awful hand
" To hurl its vengeance on thy guilty land:

" He graſps the thunder, and, he wings the ſtorm,
" Servants their ſov'reign's orders to perform."

The angel ſpoke, and turn'd his eyes away,
Adding new radiance to the riſing day.

Now *David* comes: the fatal ſtones demand
His left, the ſtaff engag'd his better hand:
The giant mov'd, and from his tow'ring height
Survey'd the ſtripling, and diſdain'd the ſight,
And thus began: Am I a dog with thee?
" Bring'ſt thou no armour, but a ſtaff to me?
" The gods on thee their vollied curſes pour,
" And beaſts and birds of prey thy fleſh devour."

David undaunted thus, " Thy ſpear and ſhield
" Shall no protection to thy body yield:
" *Jehovah*'s name——no other arms I bear,
" I aſk no other in this glorious war.
" To-day the Lord of Hoſts to me will give
" Victʼry, to-day thy doom thou ſhalt receive;
" The fate you threaten ſhall your own be-
" come,
" And beaſts ſhall be your animated tomb,
" That all the earth's inhabitants may know
" That there's a God, who governs all below:
" This great aſſembly too ſhall witneſs ſtand,
" That needs nor ſword, nor ſpear, th' Almighty's
hand:
" The battle his, the conqueſt he beſtows,
" And to our pow'r conſigns our hated foes."

Thus *David* ſpoke; *Goliath* heard and came
To meet the hero in the field of fame.
Ah! fatal meeting to thy troops and thee,
But thou waſt deaf to the divine decree;
Young *David* meets thee, meets thee not in vain;
'Tis thine to periſh on th' enſanguin'd plain.

And now the youth the forceful pebble flung,
Philistia trembled as it whizz'd along:
In his dread forehead, where the helmet ends,
Juſt o'er the brows the well-aim'd ſtone deſcends,
It pierc'd the ſkull, and ſhatter'd all the brain,
Prone on his face he tumbled to the plain:
Goliath's fall no ſmaller terror yields
Than riving thunders in aerial fields:
The ſoul ſtill ling'red in its lov'd abode,
Till conq'ring *David* o'er the giant ſtrode:
Goliath's ſword then laid its maſter dead,
And from the body hew'd the ghaſtly head;
The blood in guſhing torrents drench'd the plains,
The ſoul found paſſage through the ſpouting veins.

And now aloud th' illuſtrious victor ſaid,
"Where are your boaſtings now your champion's dead?"
Scarce had he ſpoke, when the *Philistines* fled:
But fled in vain; the conqu'ror ſwift purſu'd:
What ſcenes of ſlaughter! and what ſeas of blood!
There *Saul* thy thouſands graſp'd th' impurpled ſand
In pangs of death the conqueſt of thine hand:
And *David* there were thy ten thouſands laid:
Thus *Israel*'s damſels muſically play'd.

Near *Gath* and *Ekron* many an hero lay,
Breath'd out their ſouls, and curs'd the light of day:
Their fury, quench'd by death, no longer burns,
And *David* with *Goliath*'s head returns,
To *Salem* brought, but in his tent he plac'd
The load of armour which the giant grac'd.
His monarch ſaw him coming from the war,
And thus demanded of the ſon of *Ner*—
"Say, who is this amazing youth?" he cry'd,
When thus the leader of the hoſt reply'd;

" As lives thy soul I know not whence he sprung,
" So great in prowess though in years so young."
" Inquire whose son is he," the sov'reign said,
" Before whose conqu'ring arm *Philistia* fled."
Before the king behold the stripling stand,
Goliath's head depending from his hand:
To him the king: " Say of what martial line
" Art thou, young hero, and what sire was thine?"
He humbly thus: " the son of *Jesse* I:
" I came the glories of the field to try.
" Small is my tribe, but valiant in the fight;
" Small is my city, but thy royal right."
" Then take the promis'd gifts," the monarch cry'd,
Conferring riches and the royal bride:
" Knit to my soul for ever thou remain
" With me, nor quit my regal roof again."

Thoughts on the WORKS *of* PROVIDENCE.

ARISE, my soul, on wings enraptur'd, rise
To praise the monarch of the earth and skies,
Whose goodness and benificence appear
As round its centre moves the rolling year,
Or when the morning glows with rosy charms,
Or the sun slumbers in the ocean's arms:
Of light divine be a rich portion lent
To guide my soul, and favour my intent.
Celestial muse, my arduous flight sustain,
And raise my mind to a seraphic strain!

Ador'd for ever be the God unseen,
Which round the sun revolves this vast machine,
Though to his eye its mass a point appears:

Ador'd the God that whirls surrounding spheres,
Which first ordain'd that mighty *Sol* should reign
The peerless monarch of th'etherial train:
Of miles twice forty millions is his height,
And yet his radiance dazzles mortal sight
So far beneath—from him th'extended earth
Vigour derives, and ev'ry flow'ry birth:
Vast through her orb she moves with easy grace
Around her *Phœbus* in unbounded space;
True to her course th' impetuous storm derides,
Triumphant o'er the winds, and surging tides.

Almighty, in these wond'rous works of thine,
What *Pow'r*, what *Wisdom*, and what *Goodness* shine!
And are thy wonders, Lord, by men explor'd,
And yet creating glory unador'd!

Creation smiles in various beauty gay,
While day to night, and night succeeds to day:
That *Wisdom*, which attends *Jehovah*'s ways,
Shines most conspicuous in the solar rays:
Without them, destitute of heat and light,
This world would be the reign of endless night:
In their excess how would our race complain,
Abhorring life! How hate its length'ned chain!
From air adust what num'rous ills would rise?
What dire contagion taint the burning skies?
What pestilential vapours, fraught with death,
Would rise, and overspread the lands beneath?

Hail, smiling morn, that from the orient main
Ascending dost adorn the heav'nly plain!
So rich, so various are thy beauteous dies,
That spread through all the circuit of the skies,
That, full of thee, my soul in rapture soars,
And thy great God, the cause of all adores.

O'er beings infinite his love extends,
His *Wisdom* rules them, and his *Pow'r* defends.
When taſks diurnal tire the human frame,
The ſpirits faint, and dim the vital flame,
Then too that ever active bounty ſhines,
Which not infinity of ſpace confines.
The ſable veil, that *Night* in ſilence draws,
Conceals effects, but ſhews th' *Almighty Cause;*
Night ſeals in ſleep the wide creation fair,
And all is peaceful but the brow of care.
Again, gay *Phœbus*, as the day before,
Wakes ev'ry eye, but what ſhall wake no more;
Again the face of nature is renew'd,
Which ſtill appears harmonious, fair and good.
May grateful ſtrains ſalute the ſmiling morn,
Before its beams the eaſtern hills adorn!

Shall day to day, and night to night conſpire
To ſhow the goodneſs of the Almighty Sire?
This mental voice ſhall man regardleſs hear,
And never, never raiſe the filial pray'r?
To-day, O hearken, nor your folly mourn
For time miſpent that never will return.

But ſee the ſons of vegetation riſe,
And ſpread their leafy banners to the ſkies.
All-wiſe Almighty providence we trace
In trees, and plants, and all the flow'ry race;
As clear as in the nobler frame of man,
All lovely copies of the Maker's plan.
The pow'r the ſame that forms a ray of light,
That call'd creation from eternal night.
"Let there be light," he ſaid: from his profound
Old *Chaos* heard, and trembled at the ſound:
Swift as the word, inſpir'd by pow'r divine,
Behold the light around its maker ſhine,
The firſt fair product of th' omnific God,
And now through all his works diffus'd abroad.

As reaſon's pow'rs by day our God diſcloſe,
So we may trace him in the night's repoſe:
Say what is ſleep? and dreams how paſſing ſtrange!
When action ceaſes, and ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
Where *Fancy*'s queen in giddy triumph reigns.
Hear in ſoft ſtrains the dreaming lovers ſigh
To a kind fair, or rave in jealouſy;
On pleaſure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The lab'ring paſſions ſtruggle for a vent.
What pow'r, O man! thy *reason* then reſtores,
So long ſuſpended in nocturnal hours?
What ſecret hand returns the mental train,
And gives improv'd thine active pow'rs again?
From thee, O man what gratitude ſhould riſe!
And, when from balmy ſleep thou op'ſt thine eyes,
Let thy firſt thoughts be praiſes to the ſkies.
How merciful our God who thus imparts
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot!

Among the mental pow'rs a queſtion roſe,
"What moſt the image of th' Eternal ſhows?"
When thus to *Reason* (ſo let *Fancy* rove)
Her great companion ſpoke immortal *Love*.

"Say, mighty pow'r, how long ſhall ſtrife prevail,
"And with its murmurs load the whiſp'ring gale?
"Refer the cauſe to *Recollection*'s ſhrine,
"Who loud proclaims my origin divine,
"The cauſe whence heav'n and earth began to be,
"And is not man immortaliz'd by me?
"*Reason* let this moſt cauſeleſs ſtrife ſubſide."
Thus *Love* pronounc'd, and *Reason* thus reply'd.

" Thy birth, celeſtial queen! 'tis mine to own,
" In thee reſplendent is the Godhead ſhown;
" Thy words perſuade, my ſoul enraptur'd feels
" Reſiſtleſs beauty which thy ſmile reveals."
Ardent ſhe ſpoke, and, kindling at her charms,
She claſp'd the blooming goddeſs in her arms.

Infinite *Love* where'er we turn our eyes
Appears: this ev'ry creature's wants ſupplies;
This moſt is heard in *Nature*'s conſtant voice,
This makes the morn, and this the eve rejoice;
This bids the foſt'ring rains and dews deſcend
To nouriſh all, to ſerve one gen'ral end,
The good of man: yet man ungrateful pays
But little homage, and but little praiſe.
To him, whoſe works array'd with mercy ſhine,
What ſongs ſhould riſe, how conſtant, how divine!

To a Lady on the Death of Three Relations.

WE trace the pow'r of Death from tomb to tomb,
And his are all the ages yet to come.
'Tis his to call the planets from on high,
To blacken *Phœbus*, and diſſolve the ſky;
His too, when all in his dark realms are hurl'd,
From its firm baſe to ſhake the ſolid world;
His fatal ſceptre rules the ſpacious whole,
And trembling nature rocks from pole to pole.

Awful he moves, and wide his wings are ſpread:
Behold thy brother number'd with the dead!
From bondage freed, the exulting ſpirits flies

Beyond *Olympus*, and these starry skies.
Lost in our woe for thee, blest shade, we mourn
In vain; to earth thou never must return.
Thy sisters too, fair mourner, feel the dart
Of Death, and with fresh torture rend thine heart.
Weep not for them, who wish thine happy mind
To rise with them, and leave the world behind.

As a young plant by hurricanes up torn,
So near its parent lies the newly born—
But 'midst the bright ethereal train behold
It shines superior on a throne of gold:
Then, mourner, cease; let hope thy tears restrain,
Smile on the tomb, and sooth the raging pain.
On yon blest regions fix thy longing view,
Mindless of sublunary scenes below;
Ascend the sacred mount, in thought arise,
And seek substantial and immortal joys;
Where hope receives, where faith to vision springs,
And raptur'd seraphs tune th' immortal strings
To strains extatic. Thou the chorus join,
And to thy father tune the praise divine.

To a Clergyman on the Death of his Lady.

WHERE contemplation finds her sacred spring,
Where heav'nly music makes the arches ring,
Where virtue reigns unsully'd and divine,
Where wisdom thron'd, and all the graces shine,
There sits thy spouse amidst the radiant throng,
While praise eternal warbles from her tongue;
There choirs angelic shout her welcome round,
With perfect bliss, and peerless glory crown'd.

While thy dear mate, to fleſh no more confin'd,
Exults a bleſt, an heav'n-aſcended mind,
Say in thy breaſt ſhall floods of ſorrow riſe?
Say ſhall its torrents overwhelm thine eyes?
Amid the ſeats of heav'n a place is free,
And angels open their bright ranks for thee;
For thee they wait, and with expectant eye
Thy ſpouſe leans downward from th' empyreal ſky;
" O come away, her longing ſpirit cries,
" And ſhare with me the raptures of the ſkies.
" Our bliſs divine to mortals is unknown;
" Immortal life and glory are our own.
" There too may the dear pledges of our love
" Arrive, and taſte with us the joys above;
" Attune the harp to more than mortal lays,
" And join with us the tribute of their praiſe
" To him, who dy'd ſtern juſtice to atone,
" And make eternal glory all our own.
" He in his death ſlew ours, and, as he roſe,
" He cruſh'd the dire dominion of our foes;
" Vain were their hopes to put the God to flight,
" Chain us to hell, and bar the gates of light."

She ſpoke, and turn'd from mortal ſcenes her eyes,
Which beam'd celeſtial radiance o'er the ſkies.

Then thou, dear man, no more with grief retire,
Let grief no longer damp devotion's fire,
But riſe ſublime, to equal bliſs aſpire.
Thy ſighs no more be wafted by the wind,
No more complain, but be to heav'n reſign'd.
'Twas thine t' unfold the oracles divine,
To ſooth our woes the taſk was alſo thine;
Now ſorrow is incumbent on thy heart
Permit the muſe a cordial to impart;

Who can to thee their tend'reſt aid refuſe?
To dry thy tears how longs the heav'nly muſe!

An HYMN *to the* MORNING.

ATTEND my lays, ye ever honour'd nine,
Aſſiſt my labours, and my ſtrains refine;
In ſmootheſt numbers pour the notes along,
For bright *Aurora* now demands my ſong.

Aurora hail, and all the thouſand dies,
Which deck thy progreſs through the vaulted ſkies:
The morn awakes, and wide extends her rays,
On ev'ry leaf the gentle zephyr plays;
Harmonious lays the feather'd race reſume,
Dart the bright eye, and ſhake the painted plume.

Ye ſhady groves, your verdant gloom diſplay
To ſhield your poet from the burning day:
Calliope awake the ſacred lyre,
While thy fair ſiſters fan the pleaſing fire:
The bow'rs, the gales, the variegated ſkies
In all their pleaſures in my boſom riſe.

See in the eaſt th' illuſtrious king of day!
His riſing radiance drives the ſhades away—
But Oh! I feel his fervid beams too ſtrong,
And ſcarce begun, concludes th' abortive ſong.

An HYMN *to the* EVENING.

SOON as the ſun forſook the eaſtern main
The pealing thunder ſhook the heav'nly plain;
Majeſtic grandeur! From the zephyr's wing,
Exhales the incenſe of the blooming ſpring.
Soft purl the ſtreams, the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled muſic floats.

Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dies are ſpread!
But the weſt glories in the deepeſt red:
So may our breaſts with ev'ry virtue glow,
The living temples of our God below!

Fill'd with the praiſe of him who gives the light,
And draws the ſable curtains of the night,
Let placid ſlumbers ſooth each weary mind,
At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd;
So ſhall the labours of the day begin
More pure, more guarded from the ſnares of ſin.

Night's leaden ſceptre ſeals my drowſy eyes,
Then ceaſe, my ſong, till fair *Aurora* riſe.

ISAIAH *lxiii.* 1—8.

SAY, heav'nly muſe, what king, or mighty God,
That moves ſublime from *Idumea*'s road?
In *Bozrah*'s dies, with martial glories join'd,
His purple veſture waves upon the wind.
Why thus enrob'd delights he to appear
In the dread image of the *Pow'r* of war?

Compres'd in wrath the ſwelling wine-preſs groan'd,
It bled, and pour'd the guſhing purple round.

" Mine was the act," th' Almighty Saviour ſaid,
And ſhook the dazzling glories of his head,
" When all forſook I trod the preſs alone,
" And conquer'd by omnipotence my own;
" For man's releaſe ſuſtain'd the pond'rous load:
" For man the wrath of an immortal God:
" To execute th' Eternal's dread command
" My ſoul I ſacrific'd with willing hand;
" Sinleſs I ſtood before the avenging frown,
" Atoning thus for vices not my own.

His eye the ample field of battle round
Survey'd, but no created ſuccours found;
His own omnipotence ſuſtain'd the fight,
His vengeance ſunk the haughty foes in night;
Beneath his feet the proſtrate troops were ſpread,
And round him lay the dying, and the dead.

Great God, what light'ning flaſhes from thine eyes?
What pow'r withſtands if thou indignant riſe?

Againſt thy *Zion* though her foes may rage,
And all their cunning, all their ſtrength engage,
Yet ſhe ſerenely on thy boſom lies,
Smiles at their arts, and all their force defies.

On RECOLLECTION.

MNEME begin. Inſpire, ye ſacred nine,
Your vent'rous *Afric* in her great deſign.
Mneme, immortal pow'r, I trace thy ſpring:
Aſſiſt my ſtrains, while I thy glories ſing:
The acts of long departed years, by thee
Recover'd, in due order rang'd we ſee:
Thy pow'r the long-forgotten calls from night,
That ſweetly plays before the *fancy*'s ſight.

Mneme in our nocturnal viſions pours
The ample treaſure of her ſecret ſtores;
Swift from above ſhe wings her ſilent flight
Through *Phœbe*'s realms, fair regent of the night;
And, in her pomp of images diſplay'd,
To the high-raptur'd poet gives her aid,
Through the unbounded regions of the mine,
Diffuſing light celeſtial and refin'd
The heav'nly *phantom* paints the actions done
By ev'ry tribe beneath the rolling ſun.

Mneme, enthron'd within the human breaſt,
Has vice condemn'd, and ev'ry virtue bleſt.
How ſweet the ſound when we her plaudit hear?
Sweeter than muſic to the raviſh'd ear,
Sweeter than *Maro*'s entertaining ſtrains
Reſounding through the groves, and hills, and plains.
But how is *Mneme* dreaded by the race,
Who ſcorn her warnings and deſpiſe her grace?
By her unveil'd each horrid crime appears,
Her awful hand a cup of wormwood bears.
Days, years miſpent, O what a hell of woe!
Hers the worſt tortures that our ſouls can know.

Now eighteen years their destin'd course have run,
In fast succession round the central sun.
How did the follies of that period pass
Unnotic'd, but behold them writ in brass!
In Recollection see them fresh return,
And sure 'tis mine to be asham'd, and mourn.

O *Virtue*, smiling in immortal green,
Do thou exert thy pow'r, and change the scene;
Be thine employ to guide my future days,
And mine to pay the tribute of my praise.

Of *Recollection* such the pow'r enthron'd
In ev'ry breast, and thus her pow'r is own'd.
The wretch, who dar'd the vengeance of the skies,
At last awakes in horror and surprise,
By her alarm'd, he sees impending fate,
He howls in anguish, and repents too late.
But O! what peace, what joys are hers t' impart
To ev'ry holy, ev'ry upright heart!
Thrice blest the man, who, in her sacred shrine,
Feels himself shelter'd from the wrath divine!

On IMAGINATION.

THY various works, imperial queen, we see,
How bright their forms! how deck'd with pomp by thee!
Thy wond'rous acts in beauteous order stand,
And all attest how potent is thine hand.

From *Helicon*'s refulgent heights attend,
Ye sacred choir, and my attempts befriend:
To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,
Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there, the roving *Fancy* flies,
Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring eyes,
Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,
And soft captivity involves the mind.

Imagination! who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind:
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above.
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Though *Winter* frowns to *Fancy*'s raptur'd eyes
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise;
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands.
Fair *Flora* may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;
Sylvanus may diffuse his honours round,
And all the forest may with leaves be crown'd:
Show'rs may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose.

Such is thy pow'r, nor are thine orders vain,
O thou the leader of the mental train:
In full perfection all thy works are wrought,
And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of thought.
Before thy throne the subject-passions bow,
Of subject-passions sov'reign ruler Thou;
At thy command joy rushes on the heart,
And through the glowing veins the spirits dart.

Fancy might now her silken pinions try
To rise from earth, and sweep th' expanse on high;

From *Tithon*'s bed now might *Aurora* rise,
Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dies,
While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies.
The monarch of the day I might behold,
And all the mountains tipt with radiant gold,
But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,
Which *Fancy* dresses to delight the *Muse*;
Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
And northern tempests damp the rising fire;
They chill the tides of *Fancy*'s flowing sea,
Cease then, my song, cease the unequal lay.

A Funeral POEM *on the death of* C. E. *an Infant of Twelve Months.*

THROUGH airy roads he wings his instant flight
To purer regions of celestial light;
Enlarg'd he sees unnumber'd systems roll,
Beneath him sees the universal whole,
Planets on planets run their destin'd round,
And circling wonders fill the vast profound.
Th' ethereal now, and now th' empyreal skies
With growing splendors strike his wond'ring eyes:
The angels view him with delight unknown,
Press his soft hand, and seat him on his throne;
Then smiling thus. "To this divine abode,
"The seat of saints, of seraphs, and of God,
"Thrice welcome thou." The raptur'd babe replies,
"Thanks to my God, who snatch'd me to the skies,
"E'er vice triumphant had possess'd my heart,
"E'er yet the tempter had beguil'd my heart,
"E'er yet on sin's base actions I was bent,

" E'er yet I knew temptation's dire intent;
" E'er yet the laſh for horrid crimes I felt,
" E'er vanity had led my way to guilt,
" But, ſoon arriv'd at my celeſtial goal,
" Full glories ruſh on my expanding ſoul."
Joyful he ſpoke: exulting cherubs round
Clapt their glad wings, the heav'nly vaults reſound.

Say, parents, why this unavailing moan?
Why heave your penſive boſoms with the groan?
To *Charles*, the happy ſubject of my ſong,
A brighter world, and nobler ſtrains belong.
Say would you tear him from the realms above
By thoughtleſs wiſhes, and prepoſt'rous love?
Doth his felicity increaſe your pain?
Or could you welcome to this world again
The heir of bliſs? with a ſuperior air
Methinks he anſwers with a ſmile ſevere,
" Thrones and dominions cannot tempt me there."

But ſtill you cry, " Can we the ſigh forbear,
" And ſtill and ſtill muſt we not pour the tear?
" Our only hope, more dear than vital breath,
" Twelve moons revolv'd, becomes the prey of death;
" Delightful infant, nightly viſions give
" Thee to our arms, and we with joy receive,
" We fain would claſp the *Phantom* to our breaſt,
" The *Phantom* flies, and leaves the ſoul unbleſt."

To yon bright regions let your faith aſcend,
Prepare to join your deareſt infant friend
In pleaſures without meaſure, without end.

To Captain H——D, *of the 65th Regiment.*

SAY, muſe divine, can hoſtile ſcenes delight
The warrior's boſom in the fields of fight?
Lo! here the chriſtian and the hero join
With mutual grace to form the man divine.
In H——D ſee with pleaſure and ſurpriſe,
Where *valour* kindles, and where *virtue* lies:
Go, hero brave, ſtill grace the poſt of fame,
And add new glories to thine honour'd name,
Still to the field, and ſtill to virtue true:
Your country glories in no ſon like you.

To the Right Honorable WILLIAM, *Earl of* DARTMOUTH, *His Majesty's principal Secretary of State for North-America, &c.*

HAIL, happy day, when, ſmiling like the morn,
Fair *Freedom* roſe *New-England* to adorn:
The northern clime beneath her genial ray,
Dartmouth, congratulates thy bliſsful ſway:
Elate with hope her race no longer mourns,
Each ſoul expands, each grateful boſom burns,
While in thine hand with pleaſure we behold
The ſilken reins, and *Freedom*'s charms unfold.
Long loſt to realms beneath the northern ſkies
She ſhines ſupreme, while hated *faction* dies:
Soon as appear'd the *Goddess* long deſir'd,
Sick at the view, ſhe languiſh'd and expir'd;
Thus from the ſplendors of the morning light
The owl in ſadneſs ſeeks the caves of night.

No more, *America*, in mournful ſtrain
Of wrongs, and grievance unredreſs'd complain,
No longer ſhalt thou dread the iron chain,
Which wanton *Tyranny* with lawleſs hand
Had made, and with it meant t' enſlave the land.

Should you, my lord, while you peruſe my ſong,
Wonder from whence my love of *Freedom* ſprung,
Whence flow theſe wiſhes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone beſt underſtood,
I, young in life, by ſeeming cruel fate
Was ſnatch'd from *Afric*'s fancy'd happy ſeat:
What pangs excruciating muſt moleſt,
What ſorrows labour in my parent's breaſt?
Steel'd was that ſoul and by no miſery mov'd
That from a father ſeiz'd his babe belov'd:
Such, ſuch my caſe. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic ſway?

For favours paſt, great Sir, our thanks are due,
And thee we aſk thy favours to renew,
Since in thy pow'r, as in thy will before,
To ſooth the griefs, which thou did'ſt once deplore.
May heav'nly grace the ſacred ſanction give
To all thy works, and thou for ever live
Not only on the wings of fleeting *Fame*,
Though praiſe immortal crowns the patriot's name,
But to conduct to heav'ns refulgent fane,
May fiery courſers ſweep th' ethereal plain,
And bear thee upwards to that bleſt abode,
Where, like the prophet, thou ſhalt find thy God.

ODE TO NEPTUNE.

On Mrs. W—'s Voyage to England.

I.

WHILE raging tempeſts ſhake the ſhore,
While *Æ'lus'* thunders round us roar,
And ſweep impetuous o'er the plain
Be ſtill, O tyrant of the main;
Nor let thy brow contracted frowns betray,
While my *Susannah* ſkims the wat'ry way.

II.

The *Pow'r* propitious hears the lay,
The blue-ey'd daughters of the ſea
With ſweeter cadence glide along,
And *Thames* reſponſive joins the ſong.
Pleas'd with their notes *Sol* ſheds benign his ray,
And double radiance decks the face of day.

III.

To court thee to *Britannia*'s arms
Serene the climes and mild the ſky,
Her region boaſts unnumber'd charms,
Thy welcome ſmiles in ev'ry eye.
Thy promiſe, *Neptune* keep, record my pray'r,
Nor give my wiſhes to the empty air.

Boston, October 10, 1772.

To a LADY *on her coming to North-America with her Son, for the Recovery of her Health.*

INDULGENT muſe! my grov'ling mind inſpire,
And fill my boſom with celeſtial fire.

See from *Jamaica*'s fervid ſhore ſhe moves,
Like the fair mother of the blooming loves,
When from above the *Goddess* with her hand
Fans the ſoft breeze, and lights upon the land;
Thus ſhe on *Neptune*'s wat'ry realm reclin'd
Appear'd, and thus invites the ling'ring wind.

" Ariſe, ye winds, *America* explore,
" Waft me, ye gales, from this malignant ſhore;
" The *Northern* milder climes I long to greet,
" There hope that health will my arrival meet."
Soon as ſhe ſpoke in my ideal view
The winds aſſented, and the veſſel flew.

Madam, your ſpouſe bereft of wife and ſon,
In the grove's dark receſſes pours his moan:
Each branch, wide-ſpreading to the ambient ſky,
Forgets its verdure, and ſubmits to die.

From thence I turn, and leave the ſultry plain,
And ſwift purſue thy paſſage o'er the main;
The ſhip arrives before the fav'ring wind,
And makes the *Philadelphian* port aſſign'd,
Thence I attend you to *Bostonia*'s arms,
Where gen'rous friendſhip ev'ry boſom warms:
Thrice welcome here! may health revive again,
Bloom on thy cheek, and bound in ev'ry vein!
Then back return to gladden ev'ry heart,
And give your ſpouſe his ſoul's far dearer part,

Receiv'd again with what a ſweet ſurpriſe,
The tear in tranſport ſtarting from his eyes!
While his attendant ſon with blooming grace
Springs to his father's ever dear embrace.
With ſhouts of joy *Jamaica*'s rocks reſound,
With ſhouts of joy the country rings around.

To a LADY *on her remarkable Preservation in an Hurricane in North-Carolina.*

THOUGH thou didſt hear the tempeſt from afar,
And felt'ſt the horrors of the wat'ry war,
To me unknown, yet on this peaceful ſhore
Methinks I hear the ſtorm tumultuous roar,
And how ſtern *Boreas* with impetuous hand
Compell'd the *Nereids* to uſurp the land.
Reluctant roſe the daughters of the main,
And ſlow aſcending glided o'er the plain,
Till *Æolus* in his rapid chariot drove
In gloomy grandeur from the vault above:
Furious he comes. His winged ſons obey
Their frantic ſire, and madden all the ſea.
The billows rave, the wind's fierce tyrant roars,
And with his thund'ring terrors ſhakes the ſhores:
Broken by waves the veſſel's frame is rent,
And ſtrows with planks the wat'ry element.

But thee, *Maria*, a kind *Nereid*'s ſhield
Preſerv'd from ſinking, and thy form upheld:
And ſure ſome heav'nly oracle deſign'd
At that dread criſis to inſtruct thy mind
Things of eternal conſequence to weigh,
And to thine heart juſt feelings to convey
Of things above, and of the future doom,
And what the births of the dread world to come.

From toſſing ſeas I welcome thee to land.
" Reſign her, *Nereid*," 'twas thy God's command.
Thy ſpouſe late buried, as thy fears conceiv'd,
Again returns, thy fears are all reliev'd:
Thy daughter blooming with ſuperior grace
Again thou ſee'ſt, again thine arms embrace;
O come, and joyful ſhow thy ſpouſe his heir,
And what the bleſſings of maternal care!

To a LADY *and her Children, on the death of her Son and their Brother.*

O'ERWHELMING ſorrow now demands my ſong:
From death the overwhelming ſorrow ſprung.
What flowing tears? What hearts with grief oppreſt?
What ſighs on ſighs heave the fond parent's breaſt?
The brother weeps, the hapleſs ſiſters join
Th' increaſing woe, and ſwell the cryſtal brine;
The poor, who once his gen'rous bounty fed,
Droop, and bewail their benefactor dead.
In death the friend, the kind companion lies,
And in one death what various comfort dies!

Th' unhappy mother ſees the ſanguine rill
Forget to flow, and nature's wheels ſtand ſtill,
But ſee from earth his ſpirit far remov'd,
And know no grief recals your beſt-belov'd:
He, upon pinions ſwifter than the wind,
Has left mortality's ſad ſcenes behind
For joys to this terreſtrial ſtate unknown,
And glories richer than the monarch's crown.
Of virtue's ſteady courſe the prize behold!
What bliſsful wonders to his mind unfold!

But of celeſtial joys I ſing in vain:
Attempt not, muſe, the too advent'rous ſtrain.

No more in briny ſhow'rs, ye friends around,
Or bathe his clay, or waſte them on the ground:
Still do you weep, ſtill wiſh for his return?
How cruel thus to wiſh, and thus to mourn!
No more for him the ſtreams of ſorrow pour,
But haſte to join him on the heav'nly ſhore,
On harps of gold to tune immortal lays,
And to your God immortal anthems raiſe.

To a GENTLEMAN *and* LADY *on the Death of the Lady's Brother and Sister, and a Child of the Name Avis, aged one Year.*

ON *Death*'s domain intent I fix my eyes,
Where human nature in vaſt ruin lies:
With penſive mind I ſearch the drear abode,
Where the great conqu'ror has his ſpoils beſtow'd;
There there the offſpring of ſix thouſand years
In endleſs numbers to my view appears:
Whole kingdoms in his gloomy den are thruſt,
And nations mix with their primeval duſt:
Inſatiate ſtill he gluts the ample tomb;
His is the preſent, his the age to come.
See here a brother, here a ſiſter ſpread,
And a ſweet daughter mingled with the dead.

But, *Madam*, let your grief be laid aſide,
And let the fountain of your tears be dry'd;
In vain they flow to wet the duſty plain,
Your ſighs are wafted to the ſkies in vain;
Your pains they witneſs, but they can no more,
While *Death* reigns tyrant o'er this mortal ſhore.

The glowing ſtars and ſilver queen of light
At laſt muſt periſh in the gloom of night:
Reſign thy friends to that Almighty hand,
Which gave them life, and bow to his command;
Thine *Avis* give without a murm'ring heart,
Though half thy ſoul be fated to depart.
To ſhining guards conſign thine infant care
To waft triumphant through the ſeas of air:
Her ſoul enlarg'd to heav'nly pleaſure ſprings,
She feeds on truth and uncreated things.
Methinks I hear her in the realms above,
And leaning forward with a filial love,
Invite you there to ſhare immortal bliſs
Unknown, untaſted in a ſtate like this.
With tow'ring hopes, and growing grace ariſe,
And ſeek beatitude beyond the ſkies.

On the Death of Dr. SAMUEL MARSHALL, 1771.

THROUGH thickeſt glooms look back, immortal ſhade,
On that confuſion which thy death has made;
Or from *Olympus'* height look down, and ſee
A *Town* involv'd in grief bereft of thee.
Thy *Lucy* ſees thee mingle with the dead,
And rends the graceful treſſes from her head;
Wild in her woe, with grief unknown oppreſt
Sigh follows ſigh deep heaving from her breaſt.

Too quickly fled, ah! whither art thou gone?
Ah! loſt for ever to thy wife and ſon!
The hapleſs child, thine only hope and heir,
Clings round his mother's neck and, weeps his ſorrows there.

The loſs of thee on *Tyler*'s ſoul returns,
And *Boston* for her dear phyſician mourns.

When ſickneſs call'd for *Marshall*'s healing hand,
With what compaſſion did his ſoul expand?
In him we found the father and the friend:
In life how lov'd! how honour'd in his end!

And muſt not then our *Æsculapius* ſtay
To bring his ling'ring infant into day?
The babe unborn in the dark womb is toſt,
And ſeems in anguiſh for its father loſt.

Gone is *Apollo* from his houſe of earth,
But leaves the ſweet memorials of his worth:
The common parent, whom we all deplore,
From yonder world unſeen muſt come no more,
Yet 'midſt our woes immortal hopes attend
The ſpouſe, the ſire, the univerſal friend.

To a GENTLEMAN *on his Voyage to Great-Britain for the Recovery of his Health.*

WHILE others chant of gay *Elysian* ſcenes,
Of balmy zephyrs, and of flow'ry plains,
My ſong more happy ſpeaks a greater name,
Feels higher motives and a nobler flame.
For thee, O R—, the muſe attunes her ſtrings,
And mounts ſublime above inferior things.

I ſing not now of green embow'ring woods,
I ſing not now the daughters of the floods,
I ſing not of the ſtorms o'er ocean driv'n,
And how they howl'd along the waſte of heav'n;

But I to R— would paint the *British* ſhore,
And vaſt *Atlantic*, not untry'd before:
Thy life impair'd commands thee to ariſe,
Leave theſe bleak regions and inclement ſkies,
Where chilling winds return the winter paſt,
And nature ſhudders at the furious blaſt.

O thou ſtupendous, earth-encloſing main
Exert thy wonders to the world again!
If ere thy pow'r prolong'd the fleeting breath,
Turn'd back the ſhafts, and mock'd the gates of death,
If ere thine air diſpens'd an healing pow'r,
Or ſnatch'd the victim from the fatal hour,
This equal caſe demands thine equal care,
And equal wonders may this patient ſhare.
But unavailing, frantic is the dream
To hope thine aid without the aid of Him
Who gave thee birth, and taught thee where to flow,
And in thy waves his various bleſſings ſhow.

May R— return to view his native ſhore,
Replete with vigour not his own before,
Then ſhall we ſee with pleaſure and ſurpriſe,
And own thy work, great Ruler of the ſkies!

To the Rev. Dr. THOMAS AMORY *on reading his Sermons on* DAILY DEVOTION, *in which that Duty is recommended and assisted.*

TO cultivate in ev'ry noble mind
Habitual grace, and ſentiments refin'd,
Thus while you ſtrive to mend the human heart,
Thus while the heav'nly precepts you impart,
O may each boſom catch the ſacred fire,
And youthful minds to *Virtue*'s throne aſpire!

When God's eternal ways you ſet in ſight,
And *Virtue* ſhines in all her native light,
In vain would *Vice* her works in night conceal,
For *Wiſdom*'s eye pervades the ſable veil.

Artiſts may paint the ſun's effulgent rays,
But *Amory*'s pen the brighter God diſplays:
While his great works in *Amory*'s pages ſhine,
And while he proves his eſſence all divine,
The Atheiſt ſure no more can boaſt aloud
Of chance, or nature, and exclude the God;
As if the clay without the potter's aid
Should riſe in various forms, and ſhapes ſelf-made,
Or worlds above with orb o'er orb profound
Self-mov'd could run the everlaſting round.
It cannot be—unerring *Wiſdom* guides
With eye propitious, and o'er all preſides.

Still proſper, *Amory!* ſtill may'ſt thou receive
The warmeſt bleſſings which a muſe can give,
And when this tranſitory ſtate is o'er,
When kingdoms fall, and fleeting *Fame*'s no more,
May *Amory* triumph in immortal fame,
A nobler title, and ſuperior name!

On the Death of J. C. *an Infant.*

NO more the flow'ry ſcenes of pleaſure riſe,
Nor charming proſpects greet the mental eyes,
No more with joy we view that lovely face
Smiling, diſportive, flush'd with every grace.

The tear of ſorrow flows from ev'ry eye,
Groans anſwer groans, and ſighs to ſighs reply;
What ſudden pangs ſhot thro' each aching heart,
When, *Death*, thy meſſenger diſpatch'd his dart?
Thy dread attendants, all-deſtroying *Pow'r*,
Hurried the infant to his mortal hour.
Could'ſt thou unpitying cloſe thoſe radiant eyes?
Or fail'd his artleſs beauties to ſurpriſe?
Could not his innocence thy ſtroke controul,
Thy purpoſe ſhake, and ſoften all thy ſoul?

The blooming babe, with ſhades of *Death* o'erſpread,
No more ſhall ſmile, no more ſhall raiſe its head,
But, like a branch that from the tree is torn,
Falls proſtrate, wither'd, languid, and forlorn.
"Where flies my *James?*" 'tis thus I ſeem to hear
The parent aſk, "Some angel tell me where
"He wings his paſſage thro' the yielding air?"
Methinks a cherub bending from the ſkies
Obſerves the queſtion, and ſerene replies,
"In heav'ns high palaces your babe appears:
"Prepare to meet him, and diſmiſs your tears."
Shall not th' intelligence your grief reſtrain,
And turn the mournful to the chearful ſtrain?
Ceaſe your complaints, ſuſpend each riſing ſigh,
Ceaſe to accuſe the Ruler of the ſky.
Parents, no more indulge the falling tear:

Let *Faith* to heav'n's refulgent domes repair,
There see your infant, like a seraph glow:
What charms celestial in his numbers flow
Melodious, while the soul-enchanting strain
Dwells on his tongue, and fills th' ethereal plain?
Enough—for ever cease your murm'ring breath;
Not as a foe, but friend converse with *Death*;
Since to the port of happiness unknown
He brought that treasure which you call your own.
The gift of heav'n intrusted to your hand
Chearful resign at the divine command:
Not at your bar must sov'reign *Wisdom* stand.

An HYMN *to* HUMANITY.

To S. P. G. Esq.

I.

LO! for this dark terrestrial ball
Forsakes his azure-paved hall
A prince of heav'nly birth!
Divine *Humanity* behold.
What wonders rise, what charms unfold
At his descent to earth!

II.

The bosoms of the great and good
With wonder and delight he view'd
And fix'd his empire there:
Him, close compressing to his breast,
The fire of gods and men address'd,
"My son, my heav'nly fair!

III.

" Deſcend to earth, there place thy throne;
" To ſuccour man's afflicted ſon
" Each human heart inſpire:
" To act in bounties unconfin'd
" Enlarge the cloſe contracted mind,
" And fill it with thy fire."

IV.

Quick as the word, with ſwift career
He wings his courſe from ſtar to ſtar,
And leaves the bright abode.
The *Virtue* did his charms impart;
Their G——! then thy raptur'd heart
Perceiv'd the ruſhing God:

V.

For when thy pitying eye did ſee
The languid muſe in low degree,
Then, then at thy deſire
Deſcended the celeſtial nine;
O'er me methought they deign'd to ſhine,
And deign'd to ſtring my lyre.

VI.

Can *Afric*'s muſe forgetful prove?
Or can ſuch friendſhip fail to move
A tender human heart?
Immortal *Friendſhip* laurel-crown'd
The ſmiling *Graces* all ſurround
With ev'ry heav'nly *Art*.

To the Honourable T. H. Esq. on the death of his Daughter.

WHILE deep you mourn beneath the cypreſs ſhade
The hand of Death, and your dear daughter laid
In duſt, whoſe abſence gives your tears to flow,
And racks your boſom with inceſſant woe,
Let *Recollection* take a tender part,
Aſſuage the raging tortures of your heart,
Still the wild tempeſt of tumultuous grief,
And pour the heav'nly nectar of relief:
Suſpend the ſigh, dear Sir, and check the groan,
Divinely bright your daughter's *Virtues* ſhone:
How free from ſcornful pride her gentle mind,
Which ne'er its aid to indigence declin'd!
Expanding free, it ſought the means to prove
Unfailing charity, unbounded love!

She unreluctant flies to ſee no more
Her dear-lov'd parents on earth's duſky ſhore:
Impatient heav'n's reſplendent goal to gain,
She with ſwift progreſs cuts the azure plain,
Where grief ſubſides, where changes are no more,
And life's tumultuous billows ceaſe to roar;
She leaves her earthly manſion for the ſkies,
Where new creations feaſt her wond'ring eyes.

To heav'n's high mandate chearfully reſign'd
She mounts and leaves the rolling globe behind;
She, who late wiſh'd that *Leonard* might return,
Has ceas'd to languiſh, and forgot to mourn;
To the ſame high empyreal manſions come,
She joins her ſpouſe, and ſmiles upon the tomb:
And thus I hear her from the realms above:
"Lo! this the kingdom of celeſtial love!

" Could ye, fond parents, ſee our preſent bliſs,
" How ſoon would you each ſigh, each fear diſmiſs?
" Amidſt unutter'd pleaſures whilſt I play
" In the fair ſunſhine of celeſtial day,
" As far as grief affects an happy ſoul
" So far doth grief my better mind controul,
" To ſee on earth my aged parents mourn,
" And ſecret wiſh for T——l to return:
" Let brighter ſcenes your ev'ning-hours employ:
" Converſe with beav'n, and taſte the promis'd joy."

NIOBE *in distress for her Children slain by* APOLLO, *from Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book* VI. *and from a view of the Painting of Mr.* RICHARD WILSON.

APOLLO's wrath to man the dreadful ſpring
Of ills innum'rous, tuneful goddeſs ſing!
Thou who did'ſt firſt th' ideal pencil give,
And taught'ſt the painter in his works to live,
Inſpire with glowing energy of thought,
What *Wilson* painted, and what *Ovid* wrote.
Muſe! lend thy aid, nor let me ſue in vain,
Tho' laſt and meaneſt of the rhyming train!
O guide my pen in lofty ſtrains to ſhow
The *Phrygian* queen, all beautiful in woe.

'Twas where *Mæonia* ſpreads her wide domain
Niobe dwelt, and held her potent reign:
See in her hand the regal ſceptre ſhine,
The wealthy heir of *Tantalus* divine,
He moſt diſtinguiſh'd by *Dodonean Jove*,
To approach the tables of the gods above:

Her grandſire *Atlas*, who with mighty pains
Th' etherial axis on his neck ſuſtains:
Her other grandſire on the throne on high
Rolls the loud pealing thunder thro' the ſky.

Her ſpouſe, *Amphion*, who from *Jove* too ſprings,
Divinely taught to ſweep the ſounding ſtrings.

Seven ſprightly ſons the royal bed adorn,
Seven daughters beauteous as the op'ning morn,
As when *Aurora* fills the raviſh'd ſight,
And decks the orient realms with roſy light,
From their bright eyes the living ſplendors play,
Nor can beholders bear the flaſhing ray.

Wherever, *Niobe*, thou turn'ſt thine eyes,
New beauties kindle, and new joys ariſe!
But thou had'ſt far the happier mother prov'd,
If this fair offſpring had been leſs belov'd:
What if their charms exceed *Aurora*'s teint,
No words could tell them, and no pencil paint,
Thy love too vehement haſtens to deſtroy
Each blooming maid, and each celeſtial boy.

Now *Manto* comes, endu'd with mighty ſkill,
The paſt t' explore, the future to reveal.
Thro' *Thebes*' wide ſtreets *Tiresia*'s daughter came,
Divine *Latona*'s mandate to proclaim:
The *Theban* maids to hear the orders ran,
When thus *Mæonia*'s propheteſs began:

"Go, *Thebans!* great *Latona*'s will obey,
"And pious tribute at her altars pay:
"With rights divine, the goddeſs be implor'd,
"Nor be her ſacred offſpring unador'd."
Thus *Manto* ſpoke. The *Theban* maids obey,
And pious tribute to the goddeſs pay.
The rich perfumes aſcend in waving ſpires,

And altars blaze with consecrated fires;
The fair assembly moves with graceful air,
And leaves of laurel bind the flowing hair.

Niobe comes with all her royal race,
With charms unnumber'd, and superior grace:
Her *Phrygian* garments of delightful hue,
Inwove with gold, refulgent to the view,
Beyond description beautiful she moves
Like heav'nly *Venus*, 'midst her smiles and loves:
She views around the supplicating train,
And shakes her graceful head with stern disdain,
Proudly she turns around her lofty eyes,
And thus reviles celestial deities:
"What madness drives the *Theban* ladies fair
"To give their incense to surrounding air?
"Say why this new sprung deity preferr'd?
"Why vainly fancy your petitions heard?
"Or say why *Cæus'* offspring is obey'd,
"While to my goddesship no tribute's paid?
"For me no altars blaze with living fires,
"No bullock bleeds, no frankincense transpires,
"Tho' *Cadmus'* palace, not unknown to fame,
"And *Phrygian* nations all re[illegible]e my name.
"Where'er I turn my eyes vast wealth I find.
"Lo! here an empress with a goddess join'd.
"What, shall a *Titaness* be deify'd,
"To whom the spacious earth a couch deny'd?
"Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor sea receiv'd your queen,
"'Till pitying *Delos* took the wand'rer in.
"Round me what a large progeny is spread!
"No frowns of fortune has my soul to dread.
"What if indignant she decrease my train
"More than *Latona's* number will remain;
"Then hence, ye *Theban* dames, hence haste away,
"Nor longer off'rings to *Latona* pay;

" Regard the orders of *Amphion*'s ſpouſe,
" And take the leaves of laurel from your brows."
Niobe ſpoke. The *Theban* maids obey'd,
Their brows unbound, and left the rights unpaid.

The angry goddeſs heard, then ſilence broke
On *Cynthus*' ſummit, and indignant ſpoke;
" *Phœbus!* behold, thy mother in diſgrace,
" Who to no goddeſs yields the prior place
" Except to *Juno*'s ſelf, who reigns above,
" The ſpouſe and ſiſter of the thund'ring *Jove*.
" *Niobe* ſprung from *Tantalus* inſpires
" Each *Theban* boſom with rebellious fires;
" No reaſon her imperious temper quells,
" But all her father in her tongue rebels;
" Wrap her own ſons for her blaſpheming breath,
" *Apollo!* wrap them in the ſhades of death."
Latona ceas'd, and ardent thus replies,
The God, whoſe glory decks th' expanded ſkies.

" Ceaſe thy complaints, mine be the taſk aſſign'd
" To puniſh pride, and ſcourge the rebel mind."
This *Phœbe* join'd. They wing their inſtant flight;
Thebes trembled as th' immortal pow'rs alight.

With clouds incompaſs'd glorious *Phœbus* ſtands:
The feather'd vengeance quiv'ring in his hands.

Near *Cadmus*' walls a plain extended lay,
Where *Thebes*' young princes paſs'd in ſport the day:
There the bold courſers bounded o'er the plains,
While their great maſters held the golden reins.
Ismenus firſt the racing paſtime led,
And rul'd the fury of his flying ſteed.
" Ah me," he ſudden cries, with ſhricking breath,

While in his breaſt he feels the ſhaft of death;
He drops the bridle on his courſer's mane,
Before his eyes in ſhadows ſwims the plain,
He, the firſt born of great *Amphion*'s bed,
Was ſtruck the firſt, firſt mingled with the dead.

Then didſt thou, *Sipylus*, the language hear
Of fate portentous whiſtling in the air:
As when th' impending ſtorm the ſailor ſees
He ſpreads his canvas to the fav'ring breeze,
So to thine horſe thou gav'ſt the golden reins,
Gav'ſt him to ruſh impetuous o'er the plains:
But ah! a fatal ſhaft from *Phœbus*' hand
Smites through thy neck, and ſinks thee on the ſand.

Two other brothers were at *wrestling* found,
And in their paſtime claſpt each other round:
A ſhaft that inſtant from *Apollo*'s hand
Transfixt them both, and ſtretcht them on the ſand:
Together they their cruel fate bemoan'd,
Together languiſh'd, and together groan'd:
Together too th' unbodied ſpirits fled,
And ſought the gloomy manſions of the dead.

Alphenor ſaw, and trembling at the view,
Beat his torn breaſt, that chang'd its ſnowy hue.
He flies to raiſe them in a kind embrace;
A brother's fondneſs triumphs in his face:
Alphenor fails in this fraternal deed,
A dart diſpatch'd him (ſo the fates decreed:)
Soon as the arrow left the deadly wound,
His iſſuing entrails ſmoak'd upon the ground.

What woes on blooming *Damasichon* wait!
His ſighs portend his near impending fate.

Juſt where the well-made leg begins to be,
And the ſoft ſinews from the ſupple knee,
The youth ſore wounded by the *Delian* god
Attempts t' extract the crime-avenging rod,
But, whilſt he ſtrives the will of fate t' avert,
Divine *Apollo* ſends a ſecond dart;
Swift thro' his throat the feather'd miſchief flies,
Bereft of ſenſe, he drops his head, and dies.

Young *Ilioneus*, the laſt, directs his pray'r,
And cries, "My life, ye gods celeſtial! ſpare."
Apollo heard, and pity touch'd his heart,
But ah! too late, for he had ſent the dart:
Thou too, O *Ilioneus*, art doom'd to fall,
The fates refuſe that arrow to recal.

On the ſwift wings of ever-flying *Fame*
To *Cadmus'* palace ſoon the tidings came:
Niobe heard, and with indignant eyes
She thus expreſs'd her anger and ſurpriſe:
"Why is ſuch privilege to them allow'd?
"Why thus inſulted by the *Delian* god?
"Dwells there ſuch miſchief in the pow'rs above?
"Why ſleeps the vengeance of immortal *Jove?*"
For now *Amphion* too, with grief oppreſs'd,
Had plung'd the deadly dagger in his breaſt.
Niobe now, leſs haughty than before,
With lofty head directs her ſteps no more.
She, who late told her pedigree divine,
And drove the *Thebans* from *Latona's* ſhrine,
How ſtrangely chang'd!——yet beautiful in woe,
She weeps, nor weeps unpity'd by the foe.
On each pale corſe the wretched mother ſpread
Lay overwhelm'd with grief, and kiſs'd her dead,
Then rais'd her arms, and thus, in accents flow,
"Be ſated cruel *Goddess!* with my woe;
"If I've offended, let theſe ſtreaming eyes,

" And let this fev'nfold funeral ſuffice :
" Ah! take this wretched life you deign'd to ſave,
" With them I too am carried to the grave.
" Rejoice triumphant, my victorious foe,
" But ſhow the cauſe from whence your triumphs flow ?
" Tho' I unhappy mourn theſe children ſlain,
" Yet greater numbers to my lot remain."
She ceas'd, the bow ſtring twang'd with awful ſound,
Which ſtruck with terror all th' aſſembly round,
Except the queen, who ſtood unmov'd alone,
By her diſtreſſes more preſumptuous grown.
Near the pale corſes ſtood their ſiſters fair,
In ſable veſtures and diſhevell'd hair ;
One, while ſhe draws the fatal ſhaft away,
Faints, falls, and ſickens at the light of day.
To ſooth her mother, lo ! another flies,
And blames the fury of inclement ſkies,
And, while her words a filial pity ſhow,
Struck dumb——indignant ſeeks the ſhades below.
Now from the fatal place another flies,
Falls in her flight, and languiſhes, and dies.
Another on her ſiſter drops in death :
A fifth in trembling terrors yields her breath ;
While the ſixth ſeeks ſome gloomy cave in vain,
Struck with the reſt, and mingled with the ſlain.

One only daughter lives, and ſhe the leaſt ;
The queen cloſe claſp'd the daughter to her breaſt :
" Ye heav'nly pow'rs, ah ſpare me one," ſhe cry'd,
" Ah! ſpare me one," the vocal hills reply'd :
In vain ſhe begs, the Fates her ſuit deny,
In her embrace ſhe ſees her daughter die.

* " The queen of all her family bereft,
" Without the husband, son or daughter left,
" Grew stupid at the shock. The passing air
" Made no impression on her stift'ning hair.
" The blood forsook her face: amidst the flood
" Pour'd from her cheeks, quite fix'd her eye-balls
" stood.
" Her tongue, her palate both obdurate grew,
" Her curdled veins no longer motion knew:
" The use of neck, and arms, and feet was gone,
" And ev'n her bowels hard'ned into stone:
" A marble statue now the queen appears,
" But from the marble steal the silent tears."

To S. M. *a young African Painter, on seeing his Works.*

TO show the lab'ring bosom's deep intent,
And thought in living characters to paint,
When first thy pencil did those beauties give,
And breathing figures learnt from thee to live,
How did those prospects give my soul delight,
A new creation rushing on my sight?
Still, wond'rous youth! each noble path pursue,
On deathless glories fix thine ardent view:
Still may the painter's and the poet's fire
To aid thy pencil, and thy verse conspire!
And may the charms of each seraphic theme
Conduct thy footsteps to immortal fame!
High to the blissful wonders of the skies
Elate thy soul, and raise thy wishful eyes.

* *This Verse to the End is the Work of another Hand.*

Thrice happy, when exalted to ſurvey
That ſplendid city, crown'd with endleſs day,
Whoſe twice ſix gates on radiant hinges ring:
Celeſtial *Salem* blooms in endleſs ſpring.

Calm and ſerene thy moments glide along,
And may the muſe inſpire each future ſong!
Still, with the ſweets of contemplation bleſs'd,
May peace with balmy wings your ſoul inveſt!
But when theſe ſhades of tune are chas'd away,
And darkneſs ends in everlaſting day,
On what ſeraphic pinions ſhall we move,
And view the landſcapes in the realms above?
There ſhall thy tongue in heav'nly murmurs flow,
And there my muſe with heav'nly tranſport glow:
No more to tell of *Damon*'s tender ſighs,
Or riſing radiance of *Aurora*'s eyes,
For nobler themes demand a nobler ſtrain,
And purer language on th' ethereal plain.
Ceaſe, gentle muſe! the ſolemn gloom of night
Now ſeals the fair creation from my ſight.

To his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, on the Death of his Lady. March 24, 1773.

ALL conquering Death! by thy reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Hope's tow'ring plumage falls to riſe no more!
Of ſcenes terreſtrial how the glories fly,
Forget their ſplendors, and ſubmit to die!
Who ere eſcap'd thee, but the ſaint* of old
Beyond the flood, in ſacred annals told,
And the great ſage,† whom fiery courſers drew

* *Enoch.* † *Elijah.*

To heav'n's bright portals from *Elisha*'s view ;
Wond'ring he gaz'd at the refulgent car,
Then snatch'd the mantle floating on the air.
From *Death* these only could exemption boast,
And without dying gain'd th' immortal coast.
Not falling millions sate the tyrant's mind,
Nor can the victor's progress be confin'd.
But cease thy strife with *Death*, fond *Nature*, cease :
He leads the *virtuous* to the realms of peace ;
His to conduct to the immortal plains,
Where heav'n's Supreme in bliss and glory reigns.

There sits, illustrious Sir, thy beauteous spouse ;
A gem-blaz'd circle beaming on her brows.
Hail'd with acclaim among the heav'nly choirs,
Her soul new-kindling with seraphic fires,
To notes divine she tunes the vocal strings,
While heav'n's high concave with the music rings.
Virtue's rewards can mortal pencil paint ?
No—all descriptive arts, and eloquence are faint ;
Nor canst thou, *Oliver*, assent refuse
To heav'nly tidings from the *Afric* muse.

As soon may change thy laws, eternal *fate*,
As the saint miss the glories I relate ;
Or her *Benevolence* forgotten lie,
Which wip'd the trick'ling tear from *Mis'ry*'s eye.
Whene'er the adverse winds were known to blow,
When loss to loss* ensu'd, and woe to woe,
Calm and serene beneath her father's hand
She sat resign'd to the divine command.

No longer then, great Sir, her death deplore,
And let us hear the mournful sigh no more ;

* *Three amiable Daughters who died when just arrived to Women's Estate.*

Reſtrain the ſorrow ſtreaming from thine eye,
Be all thy future moments crown'd with joy!
Nor let thy wiſhes be to earth confin'd,
But ſoaring high purſue th' unbodied mind.
Forgive the muſe, forgive th' advent'rous lays,
That fain thy ſoul to heav'nly ſcenes would raiſe.

A Farewel to AMERICA. *To Mrs.* S. W.

I.

ADIEU, *New-England*'s ſmiling meads,
Adieu, the flow'ry plain:
I leave thine op'ning charms, O ſpring,
And tempt the roaring main.

II.

In vain for me the flow'rets riſe,
And boaſt their gaudy pride
While here beneath the northern ſkies
I mourn for *health* deny'd.

III.

Celeſtial maid of roſy hue,
O let me feel thy reign!
I languiſh till thy face I view,
Thy vaniſh'd joys regain.

IV.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To ſee the cryſtal ſhow'r,

Or mark the tender falling tear
At ſad departure's hour;

V.

Not unregarding can I ſee
Her ſoul with grief oppreſt:
But let no ſighs, no groans for me,
Steal from her penſive breaſt.

VI.

In vain the feather'd warblers ſing,
In vain the garden blooms,
And on the boſom of the ſpring
Breathes out her ſweet perfumes.

VII.

While for *Britannia*'s diſtant ſhore
We ſweep the liquid plain,
And with aſtoniſh'd eyes explore
The wide-extended main.

VIII.

Lo! *Health* appears! celeſtial dame!
Complacent and ſerene,
With *Hebe*'s mantle o'er her Frame,
With ſoul-delighting mein.

IX.

To mark the vale where *London* lies
With miſty vapours crown'd,

Which cloud *Aurora*'s thousand dyes,
And veil her charms around.

X.

Why, *Phœbus*, moves thy car so slow?
So slow thy rising ray?
Give us the famous town to view,
Thou glorious king of day!

XI.

For thee, *Britannia*, I resign
New-England's smiling fields;
To view again her charms divine,
What joy the prospect yields!

XII.

But thou! Temptation hence away,
With all thy fatal train,
Nor once seduce my soul away,
By thine enchanting strain.

XIII.

Thrice happy they, whose heav'nly shield
Secures their souls from harms,
And fell *Temptation* on the field
Of all its pow'r disarms!

Boston, May 7, 1773.

A REBUS, *by I. B.*

I.

A BIRD delicious to the taſte,
On which an army once did feaſt,
Sent by an hand unſeen;
A creature of the horned race,
Which *Britain*'s royal ſtandards grace;
A gem of vivid green;

II.

A town of gaiety and ſport,
Where beaux and beauteous nymphs reſort,
And gallantry doth reign;
A *Dardan* hero fam'd of old
For youth and beauty, as we're told,
And by a monarch ſlain;

III.

A peer of popular applauſe,
Who doth our violated laws,
And grievances proclaim.
Th' initials ſhow a vanquiſh'd town,
That adds freſh glory and renown
To old *Britannia*'s fame.

An ANSWER *to the* REBUS, *by the* AUTHOR *of these* POEMS.

THE poet aſks, and *Phillis* can't refuſe
To ſhow th' obedience of the infant muſe.
She knows the *Quail* of moſt inviting taſte
Fed *Israel*'s army in the dreary waſte;
And what's on *Britain*'s royal ſtandard borne,
But the tall, graceful, rampant *Unicorn?*
The *Emerald* with a vivid verdure glows
Among the gems which regal crowns compoſe;
Boston's a town, polite and debonair,
To which the beaux and beauteous nymphs repair,
Each *Helen* ſtrikes the mind with ſweet ſurpriſe,
While living lightning flaſhes from her eyes.
See young *Euphorbus* of the *Dardan* line
By *Menelaus*' hand to death reſign:
The well known peer of popular applauſe
Is *C—m* zealous to ſupport our laws.
Quebec now vanquiſh'd muſt obey,
She too muſt annual tribute pay
To *Britain* of immortal fame,
And add new glory to her name.

CONTENTS.

Page

To Mæcenas - - - 175
On Virtue - - - 177
To the Univerſity of Cambridge, in New-England - - - 178
On being brought from Africa - - 179
On the Rev. Dr. Sewell - - - ib.
On the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield - 181
On the Death of a young Lady of five Years of Age - - - - 182
On the Death of a young Gentleman - 183
To a Lady on the Death of her Huſband 184
Goliath of Gath - - - 185
Thoughts on the Works of Providence - 192
To a Lady on the Death of three Relations 196
To a Clergyman on the Death of his Lady 197
An Hymn to the Morning - - 199
An Hymn to the Evening - - 200
On Iſaiah lxiii. 1—8 - - - ib.
On Recollection - - - 202
On Imagination - - - 203
A funeral Poem on the Death of an Infant aged twelve Months - - 205
To Captain H. D. of the 65th Regiment 207
To the Rt. Hon. William, Earl of Dartmouth ib.
Ode to Neptune - - - 209
To a Lady on her coming to North America with her Son, for the Recovery of her Health 200
To a Lady on her remarkable Preſervation in a Hurricane in North Carolina - 211
To a Lady and her Children on the Death of her Son, and their Brother - - 212

page

To a Gentleman and Lady on the Death of the Lady's Brother and Sister, and a Child of the Name of *Avis*, aged one Year - - 213
On the Death of Dr. Samuel Marshall - 214
To a Gentleman on his Voyage to Great-Britain, for the Recovery of his Health 215
To the Rev. Dr. Thomas Amory on reading his Sermons on Daily Devotion, in which that Duty is recommended and assisted - 217
On the Death of J. C. an Infant - - 218
An Hymn to Humanity - - - 219
To the Hon. T. H. Esq. on the Death of his Daughter - - - 221
Niobe in Distress for her Children slain by Apollo, from *Ovid*'s Metamorphoses, Book VI. and from a View of the painting of Mr. *Richard Wilson* - - - 222
To S. M. a young African Painter, on seeing his Works - - - 229
To his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, on the Death of his Lady - - - 230
A Farewel to America - - 232
A Rebus by I. B. - - - 235
An Answer to ditto, by *Phillis Wheatley* 236

Subscribers' Names.

A

Allen Richard Rev.
Alexander Solomon
Anderſon Andrew
Anderſon George K.
Adams Eliza
Arbutton William
Anderſon Rebecca
Auſtin Thomas
Ates Fortune
Andrews Robert
Alexander Richard
Alftan Margaret
Anderſon Ann Miſs

B

Beatty Samuel
Brolly Thomas
Brown Nathaniel
Biggs Thomas
Brewton Robert
Brobſton Robert
Bunting P. S.
Bamfield George
Bowen James
Bird George
Beck John
Bailey Barzillai
Brown Frederick & co.
Blair John
Brown, Captain
Berryman John
Barnes Fortune
Byrne James R.
Bivins Joſeph
Buchanan William
Briard Catherine
Baker Henry, jun.
Brown James
Becket Sarah
Blakey William, jun.
Benſell Engle
Black John
Baker John
Beale Pennell
Budd William
Blair William
Brown Samuel
Buckley Anthony M.
Bartho Philip
Bampfield George

C

Campbell Margaret
Coombs Rodger
Connor Ann
Crappir Cato
Corby Mary
Clark Mary
Crumback Godfrey
Carpenter John
Crunille Rebecca
Copes Joſeph

Currie William M. D.
Connaway Patrick
Carr Robert
Carpenter John
Cooper Samuel
Croxford William
Cotterill Thomas
Cole Sarah
Cunningham Matthew
Courſey Emely Miſs
Chriſtopher Ann
Canavan Michael

D

Dover John
Duval Mrs.
Daily Peter
Dufief Nicholas Gouin
Dupleſſis P. le B. jun.
Darrach James
Doling John
Douglas William
Duncan Ann Mrs.
Dinnin Mrs.
Dennett Mrs.
Doig John
Davis John
Dougherty James
Draper J.
Delavau James
Dilworth Richard
Deiffenbech & Newton
Dominick John
Doogan Joſeph
Davis Elizabeth
Davis Clark
Deveney William
Dick Charles
Derrick John
Dobelbower L.
Duché John
Dearborn Samuel H.
Daniels Margaret

E

Evitt William
Evans George
Eaſton John
Engle Richard
Engles Silas, jun.
Eckendorff Martin
Edwards Joſeph
Elbert Richard
Ettinger Martin
Ehringhaus Adolph

F

Finley James
Forten James
Francis Michael
Froman Catherine
Froman Margaret
Fletcher Johnſon
Fowler Abraham
Folkrod Michael
Fergusſon Ebenezer
Fry Jacob
Fogal Mary
Farr William
Finch John
Fennelly Thomas
Fœring Samuel
Frické C. Mrs.
Ferree Joſeph
Forſyth David
Fergusſon Benjamin
Francies John

G

Gray Jane
Girvan James
Germon John

Graham Edward
Gardiner Henrietta
Gardiner William
Gibbs Jonathan
Goldtrap John
Getty Nathaniel
Godfrey John W.
Godfrey Edward
Grant John (4 copies)
Gibbs Hannah
Gray William
Grant Peter
Garrett Philip
George William
Gilbert John
Gray John
Gillingham Moſes
Gwin Mary Mrs.
Giller John E.
George Richard
Gardiner William
Gillon John
Gray Nathaniel

H

Holliday John
Haines Ephraim
Hubley Henry
Harper Jacob
Haines George
Hirſt Thomas
Humphreys Thomas
Heſſer George
Hurly John
Harris Charles
Harden Abraham
Holly Suſannah
Hanſon Greenberry D.
Hamlet Godfrey
Hanſe Conrad
Hopton Robert
Holman Richard

I & J

Jones Abſalom Rev.
Irving George
Jones William
Johnſton Margaret
Jacques William
Johnſon Klincken
Johnſen Richard
Jack Ann Mrs.
Jones William (12 copies)
Joſeph John
Johnſton John
Jeffries William
Jaſſop Iſaac
Jones Jehu

K

Kinſey Edmund
Keller George
Kunius John
Kelly Michael
Keighly Nebo
Keen Thomas
Kaufelt Nicholas
Kelſey John O.
Knight Daniel P.
Knox William, jun.

L

Lippard John
Leibert William
Livingſton John
Logan James
Limeburner Philip
Laus Robert
Lewis Frank
Loyd Mary
Lambert Peter
Lukens Thomas

Love Benjamin
Lownes Joſeph
Levis Thomas
Logue Joſeph
Latta William
Lewis Plater
Laws Stephen
Lawſon Rachel
Lancaſter Jacob
Lee Richard

M

M'Calla David
M'Coy Abraham
M'Culley William
M'Curdy John
M'Donald Mrs.
M'Kinzie Caleb
M'Koy Robert
Mines Atticus
Myer Godlieb
Munford Rebecca
Marim Charles
Matthews James
Miller Heſter A.
Mannierck Anty. Van
Miller Abraham
Mount Thomas
Momury Philip
Miſkelly Samuel
Morrow Samuel
Mechlin Samuel, jun.
Murry Joſeph
Mudey Ann Mrs.
Maris William
Morton & De Silver
Montgomery William
Miller Henry
Mears Jeſſe
Mount Thomas
Means John
Maxfield Hannah
Malcolm Joſeph G.
Montgomery Wm. jun.
Mendenhall Thomas jun.
Mawhorter Thomas

N

Newnam Daniel

O

O'Brien Mary Iſabella.
Onyx Michael

P

Phillips Zalegman
Plankinhorn J. jun.
Pittman Ephraim
Palmer William
Playter Watſon
Potts Joſephus
Potts Peter
Potts Thomas,jun.
Perkins Jacob
Pennell Alice
Peck George
Payran Stephen
Peterſon Mary Mrs.
Paul Jeremiah
Pedrick William
Pearſon Eliza Mrs.
Phillips Samuel
Phillips George
Peters Mary
Porter Thomas C.
Porter Cyrus
Pearce William
Parker Joſeph

Q

Quinlan John

R

Rogers William Rev.

Read Mrs.
Randolph Joſeph
Reed Iſaac
Richmond Joſeph
Roberts Iſaac
Richards Richard
Richards William
Robinſon Hugh
Richards Henry
Ritſon Thomas
Rowland Thomas
Richards Samuel, jun
Robinſon James, jun.
Rodgers Thomas
Richman John
Read Collinſon
Ridgway Robert
Roſemary Frederick
Riever John
Rieley Warrick
Rayner Sarah
Ruſſel Alexander capt.
Rodney Suſannah
Richmond Peter
Rowan James, jun.
Rivera Abraham

S

Stafford Cornelius W.
Stewart Henry
Sinclair James
Scaife Elizabeth
Sackriter David
Smith John
Sharp Henry
Stevenſon James
Smith Richard
Smith John, jun.
Stimmel Philip
Shaw Alexander
Sellers John
Sharpleſs George
Starke John, jun.
Strouſe George
Smith John B. N.
Shelmerdine Samuel
Sturgis Stokely
Stille Benjamin
Shaw William A.
Saurman M.
Schrack Abraham
Scott William
Sophey Peter
Smith Elizabeth Mrs.
Smith Samuel
Scott David
Simon John
Suttliff Catherine
Sourbey Mary
Stokes Thomas
Smith William
Scott Henry
Smith Elizabeth Mrs.
Stewart Elena
Smith Jacob
Smith Roſetta
Smith James
Sellenir Peter St.
Soullier John Mary
Smith Ann Mrs.
Smith Mrs.
Sullivan Joſhua
Scates Lawrence

T

Thornton Ann
Taylor John M.
Tiebout Cornelius
Tatem Samuel
Twaddell James

Thompſon David
Teas John
Taſh Joſeph
Thompſon Henry
Thompſon Jonah
Tod Elijah
Trimble John
Thompſon David

V

Vauchey Jean S.
Voigt Sebaſtian
Vanhorne James

W

Wiggleſworth William
Watmough J. H.
White William
Willis Thomas Y.
Woodbridge John E.
Walker George
Wilſon Robert
White James
Williams Terryl
Worrell Iſaac
Worrell Robert
Whitelock Iſaac
Wynn Moſes
Waters John
Waterman Jeſſe
Warren Henry
Wright Caleb
Williams Elizabeth
Widdifield James
Wilkins Caleb
Willits James
Weyman Jacob
White Margaret
Wernecke Lewis W.
W. L. Mrs.
Wotherſpoon Thomas
Widdifield William
Willard Parr
Walls Jonathan

Y

Yarnall Ellis
Young Mary Mrs.
Young Charles
Young Chriſtian